

THE GRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1902

WITH EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
"The Volcanic Eruption in Martinique"

PRICE NINEPENCE
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THEIR MAJESTIES, ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCESS VICTORIA AND PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK, WATCHING THE PERFORMANCE OF "LOHENGRIN"
THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE OPERA SEASON

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

Topics of the Week

The West Indian Disaster

NOT often in recorded history has so terrible a tragedy been enacted as that which, during the last few days, has ravaged the islands of the Lesser Antilles. As one reads the Dantesque story one understands that echoes of similar convulsions of nature in long-forgotten ages should have reverberated, through measureless time, as stories of the wrath of the gods and as fateful chapters in the history of our planet. There is something terribly supernatural in this narrative of a whole city devoured in a few moments by a whirlwind of fire, to the colossal accompaniment of subterranean thunders and at a noon-tide suddenly steeped in unearthly night. The mind is staggered by the enormity of the cataclysm, by its dramatic contrasts, and by the moral reflections on the littleness of man and the inscrutable destiny of things to which it naturally gives rise. And this notwithstanding that, wiser than our stricken ancestors of Pompeii and Herculaneum, we know all about it, and can trace out the precise seismological processes by which it is governed and evolved. Unfortunately this erudition brings with it no consolation; rather does it seem to illustrate its own vanity. We find ourselves still dwelling on the stupendous phenomena themselves with as much childish awe as though we were yet untutored savages. One of the aspects of catastrophes of this kind which most powerfully affect the imagination is the fact that their destructive forces are almost invariably spent on the most beautiful spots on the earth's surface. It was the incomparable Bay of Naples which was desolated by the crater of Vesuvius, and near which are to-day the necrographic monuments of its fell activity in the marvellous remains of Pompeii. It was the scarcely less beautiful mouth of the Tagus which, in 1755, was riven by the famous earthquake that engulfed 60,000 human beings. And so to-day in Martinique and St. Vincent it is a terrestrial paradise in which the tempest of lava bursts—one of those tropical fairylands garlanded with wondrous flowers and bathed with sunshine and silver seas. The fairylands are now for a great part deserts, the haunt of tens of thousands of half-maddened fugitives, shelterless and hungry. Where but a fortnight ago all was tranquil beauty and lazy beatitude is to-day Pandemonium. Happily mankind is not altogether powerless, even in face of so colossal a disaster as this. The dead cannot be brought to life, but the hungry can be fed and the bereaved consoled. The heart of the world has been moved by the tale of West Indian suffering. Human pity has already bravely begun to repair the ravages, and from every land a helping hand has been held forth with a promptitude and a generosity which will be remembered as long as the tradition of the disaster itself endures.

King Alfonso's Accession

IT is a curious coincidence that at the very time when the English people are preparing to celebrate the Coronation of King Edward VII. with befitting pomp and ceremony, our ancient allies the Spanish people, should be wild with excitement over the Accession of King Alfonso XIII. For the time being, Republicans, Carlists, Socialists and adherents of the reigning dynasty forget their wretched feuds, and heartily co-operate in doing honour to the young monarch. There is an almost unanimous feeling that he should be given a fair field and even some favour, in his endeavour to bring back to Spain some of her former prosperity and glory, even if her rehabilitation as a World-Power be impossible. Only a small minority doubt his hearty goodwill in this effort of patriotism. Trained as he has been almost from infancy in statesmanship, endowed with natural gifts of high order, and dominated by love of country equally with love of the ancient institutions under which Spain became well-nigh mistress of the world, King Alfonso ascends the throne under what should prove happy auspices. Difficulties, perhaps dangers, will crop up, from time to time, but ingratitude is not a Spanish national vice, and we feel well assured that popular support will always be forthcoming for the young Sovereign in his efforts to raise Spain higher, politically, commercially, and industrially. And we feel equally certain that he himself recognises that national prosperity and greatness can only be solidly built up in that manner.

The London Steamboat Service

IT is somewhat discreditable to the greatest and wealthiest city in the world that, although endowed with a magnificent waterway right through its middle, its citizens no longer have any steamboat service at their disposal. Whether the responsibility for this breakdown rests with the L.C.C. or with the London Steamboat Company does not rest with the Press to determine. Both continue to show argumentative reason for saddling the other party with the

whole blame. But the public wisely adopt a Gallic-like attitude towards this pot-and-kettle wrangling; its concern lies in the renewed use of the Thames as an adjunct of cheap and pleasant locomotion. The fact that the Company carried seventeen millions of passengers last year proves the extent of this popular demand for an efficient water service. It is quite possible that the company's boats admit of improvement. But even in their present condition they must have been extensively patronised, a fact which goes some little way to suggest that the accommodation could hardly have been so very bad as is sometimes alleged. Be that as it may, it is greatly to be hoped that the disputants will agree to sink their differences and see whether co-operation and goodwill may not be more effective than hostilities and rancour in utilising the Thames for human locomotion. We feel very sure that all difficulties could be and would be quickly arranged by conciliation with arbitration in the background as a reserve force.

Airships and their Dangers

THE deplorable accident which befell M. Severo and his assistant last Monday lacked no tragic element to complete its profound sadness. Not only was M. Severo confident that he had overcome the chief difficulties encountered by M. Santos-Dumont in imparting steadiness to his airship, but Madame Severo and her son were eye-witnesses of the awful disaster in mid-air. Like the other spectators, they were, probably, free from the slightest misgiving as to the personal safety of the aerial adventurers. All their interest centred, no doubt, on the question as to whether the new craft solved the problem of aerial navigation in a thoroughly practical manner. M. Santos-Dumont had achieved a measure of success; would M. Severo do better still? It never occurred to the majority of spectators, we may depend upon it, that there must be ever present danger, whether on land, or at sea, or in the air, whenever highly inflammable gases have to be stored in close neighbourhood to fire. Whatever precautions may be adopted, there must be danger of explosion unless the gases are hermetically and permanently sealed, an impossibility, of course, if they have to be made useful. Petroleum of low flashing point and naphtha are only comparatively less dangerous; explosions of motor-cars have become unpleasantly numerous of late.

Alsace-Lorraine

THE decision of the German Emperor to get rid of what is known as the Dictatorship Clause in the constitution of Alsace-Lorraine has been courteously acknowledged by the French Press, although one cannot help suspecting that a touch of bitterness is concealed under the courtesy. The Dictatorship Clause, it may be explained, is a clause authorising the Statthalter, or Governor, of Alsace-Lorraine to exercise powers akin to those of martial law when he thinks that the occasion requires it. In practice these powers have been rarely exercised, and for many years past there has been a movement to secure their abolition. Nor has that movement been confined to the province that is personally affected. It has received sympathetic support throughout the rest of Germany, and the Reichstag has by resolution twice expressed its approval. On both occasions, however, the Emperor declined to act on the vote of the Reichstag, and replied through his Ministers that the conditions of Alsace and Lorraine were such that it was necessary to maintain this exceptional law. He has now given way, and with the theatrical touch that never fails him has dated the decree abolishing the obnoxious law from an historic castle recently presented to him as a gift from the people of Alsace-Lorraine. The act has been well received in Germany as an emphatic proof that the incorporation of the conquered provinces has passed beyond the region of criticism even by the Alsace-Lorrainers themselves. That, at any rate, is what the Emperor's act implies, and what he declares to be his belief. It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that all feeling for France is extinct in the two provinces. The mere lapse of time must, however, have the effect of eventually weakening French influence and strengthening German loyalty. Men are largely the creatures of their surroundings, and the constant pressure of German influences—unless carried to the point of irritation, as in the case of the Press—must gradually compel Alsace-Lorrainers to become good Germans as the memory of their old connection with France fades into the past.

An Interesting Article on

"CRICKET AS A PROFESSION: THE EARNINGS OF SUCCESSFUL PLAYERS,"

Appears in This Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IN Sir Wemyss Reid's delightful biography of William Black, we read of the interest that the novelist took in his characters, the care with which his localities were selected, and the enthusiasm with which he visited them over and over again, and the pains that he took to make himself thoroughly conversant with any form of life—that he wished to introduce into a story with which he was previously unacquainted. My personal experience bears out that this was emphatically the case. I have a letter before me now which I received from Black when I happened to be staying at Brighton some years ago. In it I read as follows:—"I have a great project on hand, for which a houseboat is necessary to me. I was asking Alfred Parsons about that kind of white water-elephant, and he immediately said, 'Why, Ashby-Sterry knows more about houseboats than anybody in England.' Now I wonder if you would be so kind as to come along here—and take a bit of dinner with us. Seven o'clock. Then I could tell you of my scheme—which would be impossible in a letter, and beseech your advice. Will you be so humane?" Though not possessing the infinite knowledge ascribed to me above, I need scarcely say I betook myself to Paston House—the novelist's pleasant seaside residence—and had a most interesting time talking about houseboats and life on the Upper Thames. I was struck with the energy of my host, and the minute details he was desirous of obtaining. He seemed to know exactly what information he wanted and spared no pains in acquiring it. It is scarcely necessary to say that the "great project on hand" to which he refers eventually charmed the world under the title of "The Strange Adventures of a Houseboat," which is numbered among its author's best stories.

The extensive repairs that have been going on for some years in the Thames and Severn Canal are now approaching completion, and it is said that the waterway will be open for traffic next October. This will furnish a new channel for boating trips through a charming country, which has the advantage of being too far from London to become vulgarised or overcrowded. I know the canal pretty well, having walked the banks—with the exception of Sapperton Tunnel, where there are no banks, and my enthusiasm did not carry me so far as wading in the water in the dark—from Inghesham to Stroud. From the western end of Sapperton Tunnel you pass along the Golden Valley, which in the autumn is glorious in colour, and the whole way to Stroud is delightfully picturesque. There is scarcely any limit to the boating trips that may be made by way of this canal. You can begin on the Thames, enter the canal at Inghesham and eventually, by as easy stages as you please, reach Stroud. Thence you can join the Stroudwater Canal, up the Ship Canal to Gloucester, along the river to Tewkesbury, whence you may traverse the Severn to Worcester or the Avon to Evesham. From the latter there was at one time water communication with Stratford-on-Avon, but I doubt if this is now available. Indeed, I think that is one of the points where the voyage of the "Nameless Barge" in "The Strange Adventures of a Houseboat," above alluded to, broke down. Should you elect to reach Worcester by boat, you can prolong your voyage indefinitely. And if you are sufficiently persevering and enthusiastic, you might in time find yourself as far North as Kendal by canal. Or you might get to Nottingham and work back on an entirely new route, striking the Thames again somewhere about Brentford. But if you embark on canal expeditions you must always be sure that the whole of the waterway in your trip is a going concern. I once projected a trip from Henley-on-Thames to Brighton by water. Fortunately I surveyed the route before starting and found the whole expedition was ruined by a portion of the Arun and Wey Canal being filled in.

Someone once said with regard to the literature of the present day that we had "a crowd of capable writers but no geniuses." Without going so far as to endorse this opinion in its entirety, one may fancy that was the notion that Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace had in his head when, in replying to the toast of "Literature" at the Royal Academy Banquet, he said, "Where now, it is often asked, are the lineal, legitimate descendants of the literary giants of former days? Where are the Scotts, the Byrons, the Keatses, the Tom Moores—or to come down to more recent days—the Thackerays, the Dickenses, the Tennysons and Brownings of our degenerate age? Echo answers distinctly with a very large note of interrogation, 'Where?' And I am bound to confess with all humility that I cannot supply a completely satisfactory answer to this question." This, coming from such an authority, was indeed plain-speaking, but wholesome and refreshing—especially in these days when every half-fledged authoring fresh from the School Board is enthusiastically boomed into a heaven-sent genius.

The new roadway in the Strand is a noble one, and its width fills one with astonishment, especially when one recalls the old thoroughfare. But it seems to me they are scarcely wise in giving such immense width to the sidewalks. If I mistake not they have been widened once and the space given was found to be ample. Now they have been extended further for, as far as I can see, no sufficient reason. For after all the room is wanted in the roadway more than anywhere else, and there you cannot have too much space. If, however, they are going to have seats outside the shops, open air cafés and plenty of trees—in short, convert the footway into a sort of boulevard, as in Paris, I have no word to say against the arrangement. But I have a shrewd suspicion that they may allow light trucks, perambulators, Bath chairs and such like on the pavement. If I am to run the risk of being punched by an absent-minded nursemaid through the medium of a pram, or having a stout invalid rolled over my toes, I should much prefer to return to the moderate-sized pathways of the past.

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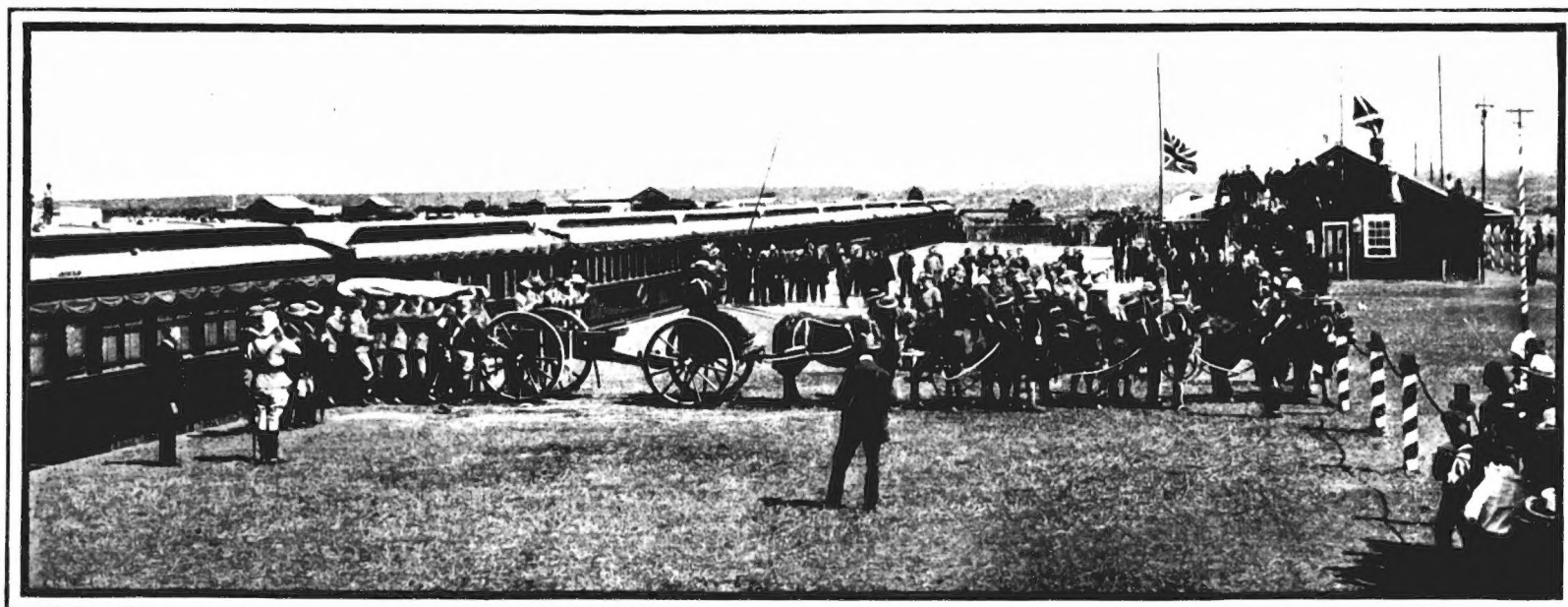
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PLACING THE COFFIN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL TRAIN AT BULAWAYO

The Funeral of Mr. Rhodes

It is unnecessary now to refer in more than the briefest detail to the funeral of Mr. Rhodes, some of the striking incidents of which are so vividly shown in our illustrations. After being brought by train to Bulawayo the body remained there one night, and on April 10 the funeral party left Fuller's Hotel in one long procession, which extended through the hills and gorges for a length of five miles. It included every variety of vehicle, men on horseback, men on cycles, and many on foot—all determined to be present at the last ceremony. The scene at the last outspan was a most striking one. A mile from the grave every one dismounted and the rest of the distance was covered on foot. No vehicles were allowed, but even with these excluded, the line of mourners was still a mile in length. The military forming the guard of honour marched with arms reversed, and the whole moved slowly off to the strains of the "Dead March" in *Saul*. The place of burial, as shown in one of our pictures, is a large stone kopje, so steep and rugged as to be almost inaccessible. The coffin was taken up the heights on a gun-carriage drawn by twelve oxen. The survivors of the Rhodesian pioneers were the pall-bearers. When the service was over, the grave was closed with a slab of granite a foot thick, bearing a brass tablet with the inscription, "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." Numerous wreaths were left on the grave.

The Court

THIS is a busy week at Court. A Levée, an Investiture, and the third Court have been the State functions, besides the ordinary routine of audiences and receptions. In the intervals of his work the King has found time to go down to Windsor, whence he inspected the new buildings at Ascot in readiness for this year's race-meeting, which their Majesties will attend in semi-state. King Edward also was present two afternoons at the Kempton Park Races, and on Saturday morning conferred the Victorian Medal upon Locomotive Inspector William Greenaway, of the Great Western Railway, who was in charge of the Royal train during the last three years of Queen Victoria's life. The Duke and Duchess of Fife lunched with the King and Queen on Saturday, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Princess Ena and Prince Leopold, on Sunday, after their Majesties, with Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, had attended the morning Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. In the afternoon the German Stollwerck choir and band gave a short concert before the Royal party at the Palace. Next day the King held an Investiture of various Orders, followed by the Levée at St. James's, where His Majesty drove in state with a Life Guards escort, and was received by a guard of honour. In the Throne Room Prince Charles of Denmark and Prince Christian stood behind King Edward during the presentations. The King and Queen, with Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles,

are frequently at the opera in the evenings. Last (Friday) night was fixed for the King's Court, and to-day (Saturday) the King and Queen go to Windsor for the Whitsuntide holidays.

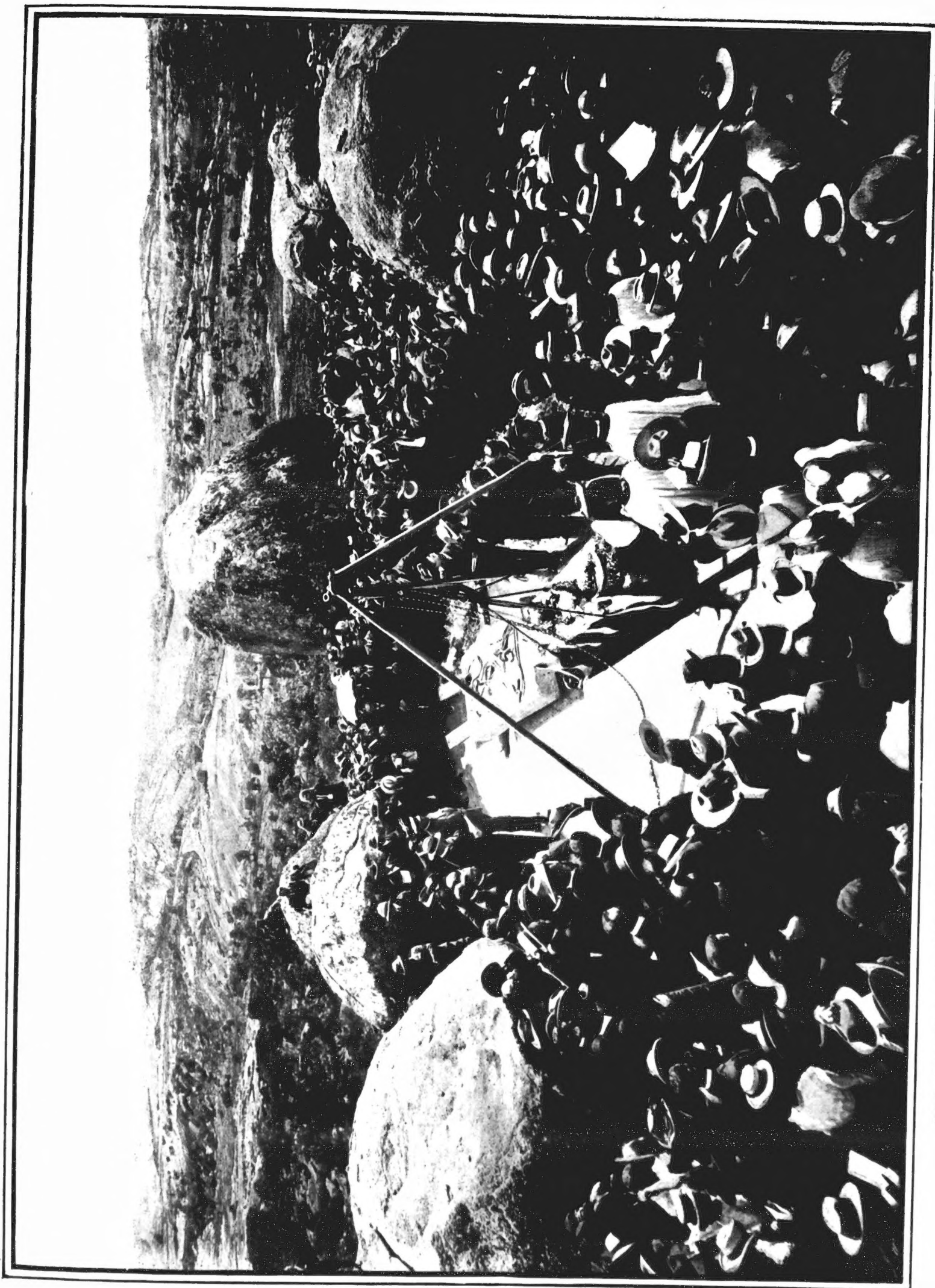
THE ROYAL VISIT TO WALES

The Principality has received its new Prince and Princess with the greatest enthusiasm, "gallant little Wales" showing herself more gallant than ever to her Royal guests. The first burst of welcome came from Bangor, when the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Assheton-Smith at Vaynol Park. Two addresses for the Prince and two bouquets for the Princess formed part of the reception, the Prince and Princess going to the Carnarvon and Anglesey Infirmary to lay the foundation stone of the new wing. Carnarvon had the honour of the installation ceremony, and crowds filled the town as the Prince and Princess drove in under escort of the Denbighshire Yeomanry to the pavilion specially erected. Guests and students crammed the pavilion and cheered lustily as the Prince and Princess entered in academic costume. The Prince's robes, as Chancellor of the Welsh University, were of black satin and gold lace embroidered with the Welsh dragon, while the Princess was robed in scarlet, trimmed with shot-silk in three shades—red, gold, and blue—the robe having a heliotrope hood. The installation ceremony consisted of addresses, reading the deed of installation, the presentation of the key, charter and statutes of the University to the new Princely Chancellor, and conferring on him the degree of D.C.L. After the Prince's speech



THE FUNERAL OF MR. CECIL RHODES: THE PROCESSION ASCENDING TO THE WORLD'S VIEW

From Photographs by L. Pedrotti, Bulawayo



THE FUNERAL OF MR. CECIL RHODES: LOWERING THE BODY INTO THE TOMB IN THE MATOPPOS

From a Photograph by L. Petrotti, Bulawayo

in reply, the Princess was made a Mus. Doc., and other honorary degrees were conferred. The Prince and Princess then drove to Castle Square, to lay a wreath on the statue of the late Sir Hugh Owen—who did so much for education in Wales—and thence to Bangor. A marquee for lunch was erected close to the old Palace, on the site of the future University College of North Wales, and the Royal visitors had a long programme of speeches after the banquet, before returning to Vaynol Park. The Welsh Fusiliers naturally furnished the guard of honour, and brought their famous goat to the fore. Saturday was occupied by a very interesting experience—a big blast at the huge Dinorwic Quarries, belonging to the Prince and Princess's host, Mr. Assheton-Smith. The Prince had seen the quarries once before, but not a blast. Llanberis was a mass of decorations, and was thronged with eager spectators from all parts. The Prince and Princess were received by a guard of honour and songs from the school-children, and the Royal guests were then run in a little yellow wagon—like those used for bringing down the slate—up to a vantage-point to view the blast. This was at a hut 1,000 feet above the lake and midway up the quarry by the side of the mountain Elidir Fawr. By an ingenious electrical arrangement in a slate casket the Princess lighted the fuse for the great blast, and a few seconds after she had touched the bottom clouds of black smoke and white dust showed the deed was done, from 50,000 to 60,000 tons of rock being shifted. The Prince and Princess then travelled a little way on the mineral railway to Port Dinorwic. They spent Sunday at Vaynol Park, attending Service in the private chapel of the estate, where the Bishop of Bangor officiated, and on Monday left for Rhyl to open the new buildings of the Alexandra Hospital. Thence they returned to town, and on Tuesday the Prince, as Master of Trinity House, lunched with the Lord Mayor. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince was to open the new Drill Hall of the King's Colonials, and to dine with the officers of the Royal Marines as their Colonel-in-Chief, before accompanying the Princess to the King's Court. The Princess has been to the annual Exhibition and Sale of the Welsh Industries Association held at Grosvenor House.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA IN IRELAND

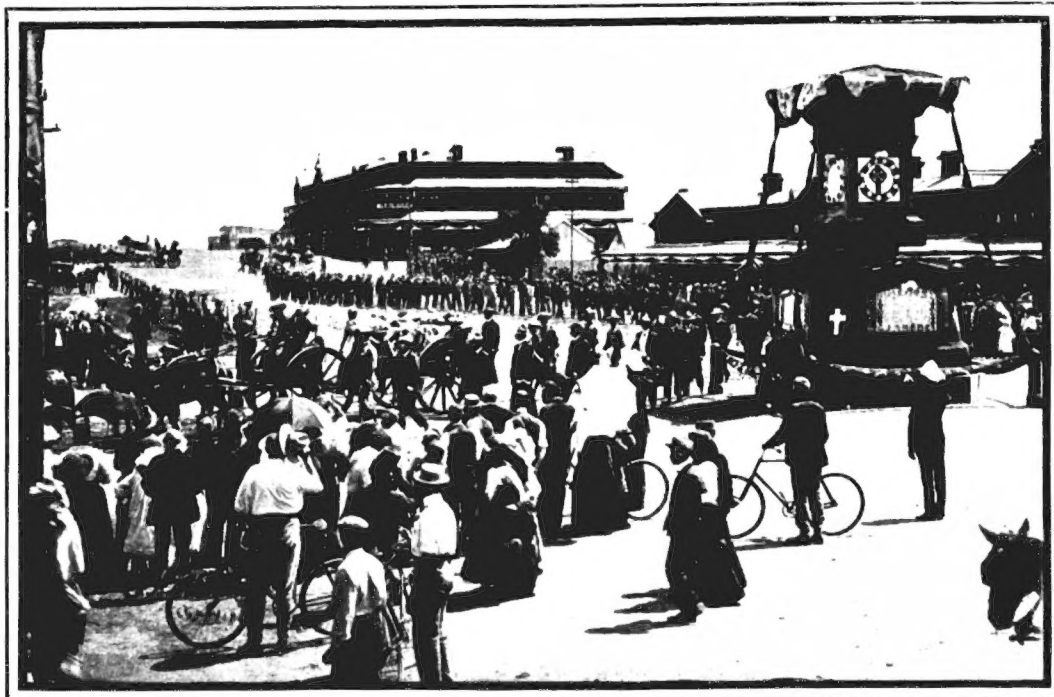
Prince Henry of Prussia's visit to Ireland has been very pleasant, the Duke of Connaught doing the honours to his nephew. The Duke first went to Bantry Bay to greet Prince Henry on board his flagship, the *Kaiser Friedrich*, in the midst of the German Squadron, and thence escorted him to the Cork Exhibition. Having inspected the Exhibition and lunched, the Princes went off to Dublin, where Prince Henry stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, for a few days. The Prince lunched with the Lord-Lieutenant, and joined on two afternoons in

a game of polo, playing for the Navy against the Army. He then rejoined his squadron at Berehaven to bring it round to Kingstown, whence he again comes to Dublin, but this time as the official guest of the Lord-Lieutenant.

A beautiful memorial to the late Queen has been placed by King Edward in the Private Chapel at Windsor Castle, where Queen Victoria so long worshipped. It is a fine stained-glass window over the altar, divided into ten lights of two tiers. The lower tier shows the Crucifixion, with St. Mary Magdalene kneeling at the

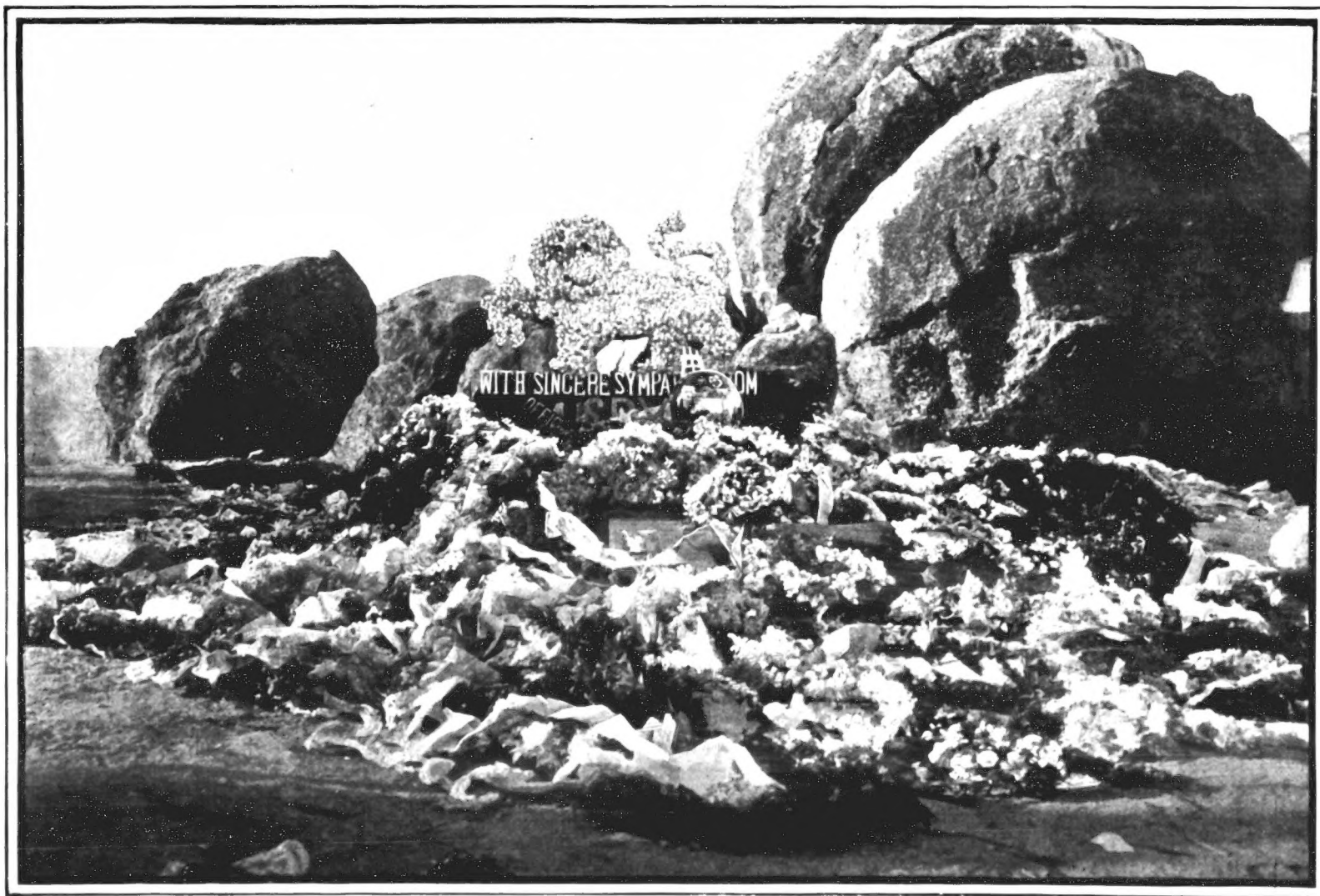
foot of the Cross, and an angel receiving the Precious Blood in a Chalice. The Blessed Virgin and St. John stand on either side, and beyond are angels holding shields charged with emblems of the Passion. The upper tier shows the Resurrection, with our Lord rising from the open tomb, angels holding back the stone, and the Roman soldiers in terror.

To the intense relief of her people, the Queen of Holland is recovering from her dangerous illness, and there is every hope that she will now go on well.



MR. RHODES'S FUNERAL: THE PROCESSION PASSING THE MONUMENT IN BULAWAYO ERECTED TO RHODESIAN PIONEERS

From a Photograph by L. Pedrotti, Bulawayo



A mass of wreaths were left on the grave after the final ceremony, some beautiful crosses resting against one of the big boulders, while there stood out very prominently a floral lion, the last offering of the officers and men of the S.R.V. (Southern Rhodesia Volunteers)

AFTER THE FUNERAL: WREATHS ON MR. RHODES'S GRAVE AT THE WORLD'S VIEW



"She turned, thinking it was her father, who for some reason had returned home, and learning whether she had gone, had followed her. But it was not the Prince. It was Cartoner. Before she had quite realised that it was he, he was on his feet leading his horse towards her."

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE PINEWOODS

THE Prince was early astir the next morning. He was a hardy old man, and covered great distances on his powerful horse. Neither cold nor rain prevented him from undertaking journeys to some distant village which had once owned his ancestor as lord and master—in those days when a noble had to pay no more for killing a peasant than a farmer may claim for an injured sheep to-day.

The Prince never discussed with Wanda those affairs in which, as a noble, he felt compelled to take an active interest. He had seen, perhaps, enough in the great revolution of his younger days to teach him that women—and even Polish women—should take no part in politics. He believed in a wise and studied ignorance of those things which it is better not to know. He made no reference to Kosmaroff at breakfast the next morning, and Wanda asked no questions. She had not slept until nearly morning, and had heard her father bolt the doors after the departure of the ex-Cossack. She had heard Kosmaroff's light and quick step on the frozen snow as he started on his seven-mile walk to Warsaw.

Cartoner's name, then, was not mentioned during the morning meal, which the Prince ate with the deliberation of

his years. The morning was bright and sunny, with a crisp air and sufficient frost to keep the snow from melting. The Prince had recovered from his anger of the previous evening, and was gay. Wanda, too, seemed light-hearted enough. She was young and strong. In her veins there flowed the blood of a race that had always been "game," that had always faced the world with unflinching eyes, and had never craved its pity. Her father had lost everything, had lived a life of hardship, almost to privation for one of his rank; had witnessed the ruin or the downfall of all his friends; and yet he could laugh with the merry, while with the mourner it was his habit to purse up his lips beneath the grizzled moustache and mutter a few curt words, not of condolence, but of stimulation to endure.

He liked to see cheerful faces around him. They helped him, no doubt, to carry on to the end of his days that high-handed and dignified fight against ill-fortune which he had always waged.

"If you have a grievance," he always said to those who brought their tales of woe to his ears, "air it as much as you like, but speak up and do not whine."

He had to listen to a great number of such tales, and to the majority of grievances could suggest no cure; for they were the grievances of Poland, and in these later times of Finland also, to which it appears there is no cure.

"I shall make a long round to-day," he said to Wanda, when he was in the saddle, with his short, old-fashioned stirrup, his great boots covering his knee and thigh from the wind, and his weather-beaten old face looking out from the fur collar of his riding-coat. "It may be the last time this winter. The spring must come soon."

And he went away at an easy canter.

Wanda, left alone for the whole day in the stillness of this forest farm, had her round to do also. She set out on foot soon after her father's departure, bound to a distant cottage in the depths of the pinewoods. The trees were quiet this morning: for it is only at the time of thaw, when the snow, gathering moisture from the atmosphere, gains in weight and breaks down the branches, that the woods crack as beneath the tread of some stealthy giant. But a frost seems to brace the trees which in the colder weather stand grim and silent, bearing their burden without complaint.

The sky was cloudless and the air quite still. There is no silence like that of a Northern pinewood in winter: for the creatures living in the twilight there have been given by God silent feet and a stealthy habit—the smaller ones going in fear of the larger, and the beasts of prey ever alert for their natural enemy—man. The birds kept for the most part to the outer fringes of the forest, nearer to the crops and the few, far cottages.

Wanda had grown from childhood amid the pines, and the gloomy forest-paths were so familiar as to have lost all power to impress her. In the nursery she had heard tales of wolves and bears, but had never seen them. They might be near or far; they might be watching through the avenues of straight and motionless stems. In their childhood it had been the delight of Martin and herself to trace in the snow the footprints of the wolves near the house, in the garden, right up to the nursery window. They had gradually acquired the indifference of the peasants who work in the fields, or the woodmen at their labours amid the trees, who are aware that the silent, stealthy eyes are watching them, and work on without fear. The Prince had taught the children fearlessness, or, perhaps, it was in their blood, and needed no education. He had taught them to look upon the beasts of the forests not as enemies, but as quiet, watching friends.

Wanda went alone whithersoever she listed, without so much as turning her head to look over her shoulder. The pinewoods were hers; the peasants were her serfs in spirit, if not in deed. Here, at all events, the Bukatys were free to come and go. In cities they were watched, their footsteps dogged by human wolves.

There are few paths through the great forests of Poland, of Posen, and of Silesia, and what there are, are usually cut straight and at right angles to each other. There was a path just wide enough to give passage to the narrow timber carts from the farm direct to the woodman's cottage, and so flat is the face of the earth that the distant trees are like the masts of ships half-hidden by the curve of the world. It seems as if one could walk on and on for ever, or drop from hunger and fatigue and lie unheeded for years in some forgotten corner. In the better-kept forests the paths are staked and numbered, or else it would be impossible to know the way amid such millions of trees—all alike, all of the same height. But the Prince was too poor to vie with the wealthy landowners of Silesia, and his forests were ill-kept.

In places the trees had fallen across the original path, and the few passers-by had made a new path to one side or the other. Sometimes a tree had grown outwards towards the light and air, almost bridging the open space.

Wanda could not, therefore, see very far in front or behind, and was taken by surprise by the thud of a horse's feet on the beaten snow behind her. She turned, thinking it was her father, who for some reason had returned home, and, learning whither she had gone, had followed her. But it was not the Prince. It was Cartoner. Before she had quite realised that it was he, he was on his feet leading his horse towards her.

She paused and looked at him, half-startled; then, with a curt, inarticulate cry of joy she hurried towards him. Thus were given to them a few of those brief moments of complete happiness which are sometimes vouchsafed to human beings. Which must assuredly be moments stolen from Heaven; for angels are so chary with them, giving them to a few favoured ones only once or twice in a whole lifetime, and, to the large majority of mankind, never at all.

"Why have you come?" asked Wanda.

"To see you," replied this man of few words.

And the sound of his voice, the sight of his strong face, swept away all her troubles and anxieties; as if, with his greater physical strength, he had taken a burden which she could hardly lift, and carried it easily. For he always seemed to know how to meet every emergency and face every trouble. A minute ago she had been reflecting with relief that he was not in Poland, and now it seemed as if her heart must break had he been anywhere else. She forgot for the moment all the dangers that surrounded them: the hopelessness of their love, the thousand reasons why they should not meet. She forgot that a whole nation stood between them. But it was only for a moment—a moment borrowed from eternity.

"Is that the only reason?" she asked, remembering with a sort of shock that this world of glittering snow and still pine-trees was not their real world at all.

"Yes," he answered.

"But you cannot stay in Poland! You must go away again at once! You do not know—" And she stopped short, for their respective positions were such that they always arrived at a point where only silence was left to them.

"Oh, yes," he answered, with a short laugh. "I know. I am going away to-night—to St. Petersburg."

He did not explain that his immediate departure was not due to the fears that she had half-expressed.

"I am so glad," she broke off, and looked at him with a little smile. "I am so glad you are going away."

She turned away from him with a sharp sigh. For she had now a new anxiety, which, however, like Aaron's rod, had swallowed all the rest.

"I would rather know that you were safe in England," she said, "even if I were never to see you again. But," and she looked up at him with a sort of pride in her eyes—that long-drawn pride of race which is strong to endure—"but you must never be hampered by a thought of me. I want you to be what you have always been. Ah! you need not shake your head. All men say the same of you—they are afraid of you."

She looked at him slowly, up and down.

"And I am not," she added, with a sudden laugh. For her happiness was real enough. The best sort of happiness is rarely visible to the multitude. It lies hidden in odd corners and quiet places; and the eager world which, presumably, is seeking it, hurries past and never recognises it, but continues to mistake for it prosperity and riches, noise and laughter, even fame and mere cheap notoriety.

They walked slowly back towards the farm, and again the gods were kind to them: for they forgot how short their time was, how quickly such moments fly. Much that they had to say to each other may not be expressed on paper, neither can any compositor set it up in type.

They were practical enough, however, and as they walked beneath the snow-clad pines they drew up a scheme of life which was astonishingly unlike the dreams and aspirations of most lovers. For it was devoid of selfishness, and they looked for happiness—not in an immediate gratification of all their desires and an instant fulfilment of their hopes—but in a mutual faith that should survive all separation and bridge the longest span of years. Loyalty was to be their watchword. Loyalty to self, to duty, and to each other.

Wanda did not, like the heroine of a novel, look for a passion that should stride over every obstacle to its object, that should ignore duty which is only another word for honour, and throw down the spectres, Foresight, Common-sense, Respect, which must arise in the pathway of that madness, a brief passion. She was content, it seemed, that her lover should be wise, should be careful for the future, should take her life into his hands with a sort of quiet mastery as if he had a right to do so—a right, not to ruin and debase, such as is usually considered the privilege of that which is called a great passion and admired as such—but a right to shape, guard, and keep.

Cartoner had not much to say about his own feelings, which, perhaps, made him rather different from most lovers. He went so far as to consider the feelings of others and to place them before his own, which, of course, is quite unusual. And yet the scheme of life which was his reading of Love, and which Wanda extracted from him that sunny March morning and pieced together bit by bit in her own decided and conclusive way, seemed to content her. She seemed to gather from it that he loved her precisely as she wished to be loved, and that, come what might, she had already enough to make her life happier than the lives of most women.

And, of course, they hoped. For they were young, and human, and the spring was in the air. But their hope was one of those things of which they could not speak: for it involved knowledge of which Wanda had become possessed at the hand of the Prince and Martin and Kosmaroff. It touched those things which Cartoner had come to Poland to learn, but not from Wanda.

The smell of the wood-smoke from the chimneys of the farm told them that they were nearing the edge of the forest, and Wanda stopped short.

"You must not go any nearer," she said. "You are sure no one saw you when you came."

"No one," answered Cartoner, whom fortune had favoured as he came. For he had approached the farm through the wood, and he had seen Wanda's footsteps in the snow. He had often ridden over the same ground on the very horse which he was now riding, and knew every inch of the way to Warsaw. He could get there without being seen, might even quit the city again unobserved.

For he knew—indeed, Wanda had told him—the dangers that surrounded him. He knew also that these dangers were infinitely greater for Martin and the Prince.

"It is only what you foresaw," she said. "When—when we first understood."

"No, it is worse than I foresaw," he answered.

So they parted, with the knowledge that they must not meet again in Poland when their meeting must mean such imminent risk to others. They could not even write to each other while Wanda should be within the circle of the Russian postal service. There was but the one link between them—Paul Deulin; and to him neither would impart a confidence. Deulin had brought about this meeting to-day. Warned by telegram, he had met Cartoner at Warsaw Station, and had counselled him not to go out into the streets. Since he was only waiting a few hours in Warsaw for the St. Petersburg train, he must either sit in the station or take a horse and go for a ride into the country. The Bukatys, by the way, were not in town, but at their country house.

"Go and see them," he added. "A man living on a volcano may surely play with firearms if he wants to. And you are all on the volcano together. Pah! I know the smell of it. The very streets, my friend, reek of catastrophe."

Wanda was gay and light-hearted to the end. There was French blood in her veins—that gay good blood which stained the streets of Paris a hundred years ago, and raised a standard of courage against adversity for all the world to imitate so long as history shall exist.

Cartoner turned once in his saddle, and saw her standing in the sunlight waving him a farewell, with her eyes smiling and her lips hard pressed. Then he rode on, with that small, small Hope to help him through his solitary wanderings which he knew to be identical with the Hope of Poland, for which the time was not yet ripe. He was the watcher who sees most of the game, and knew that the time might never ripen till years after Wanda and he had gone hence and were no more seen.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN A BY-WAY

THERE are few roads in Poland. Sooner or later, Cartoner must needs join the great highway that enters Warsaw from the West, passing by the gates of the cemetery.

Deulin, no doubt, knew this, for Cartoner found him, riding leisurely away from the city, just beyond the cemetery. The Frenchman sat his horse with a straight leg and arm which made Cartoner think of those days, ten

years earlier to which Deulin seldom referred, when this white-haired dandy was a cavalry soldier, engaged in the painful business of killing Germans.

Deulin did not think it necessary to refer to the object of Cartoner's ride. Neither did he mention the fact that he knew that this was not the direct way to St. Petersburg.

"I hired a horse and rode out to meet you," he said, gaily—he was singularly gay this morning, and there was a light in his eye, "to intercept you. Kosmaroff is back in Warsaw. I saw him in the streets—and he saw me. I think that man is the god in the machine. He is not a nonentity. I wonder who he is. There is blood there, my friend."

He turned his horse as he spoke, and rode back towards the city with Cartoner.

"In the meantime," he said, "I have the hunger of a beggar's dog. What are we to do? It is one o'clock, and I who have the inside of a Frenchman. We are a great people. We tear down monarchies, and build up a new Republic which is to last for ever, and doesn't. We make history so quickly that the world stands breathless—but we always breakfast before midday."

He took out his watch, and showed its face to Cartoner, with a gesture which could not have been more tragic had it marked the hour of the last trump.

"And we dare not show our faces in the streets. At least, I dare not show mine in the neighbourhood of yours in Warsaw. For they have got accustomed to me there. They think I am a harmless old man—a dentist, perhaps."

"My train goes from the St. Petersburg station at three," said Cartoner. "I will have some lunch at the other station, and drive across in a close cab with the blinds down."

And he gave his low, gentle laugh. Deulin glanced at him as if there were matter for surprise in the sound of it.

"Like a monstrosity going to fair," he said. "And I shall go with you. I will even lunch with you at the station—on a station steak and a beery table. There is only one room at the station for those who eat, and those who await their trains. So that the eaters eat before a famished audience like Louis XVI., and the travellers sit among the crumbs. I am with you. But let us be quick—and get it over. Did you see Bukaty?" he asked, finally, and leaning forward, he sought an imaginary fly on the lower parts of his horse; for after all he was only a man, and lacked the higher skill or the thicker skin of the gentler sex, in dealing with certain delicate matters.

"No, I only saw the Princess," replied Cartoner. And they rode on in silence.

"You know," said Deulin, at length, gravely, "if that happens which you expect and I expect, and everybody here is hoping for—I shall seek out Wanda at once, and look after her. I do not know whether it is my duty or not. But it is my inclination; and I am much too old to put my duty before my inclination. So if anything happens, and there follows that confusion which you and I have seen once or twice before, where things are stirring and dynasties are crumbling in the streets—when friends and foes are seeking each other in vain—you need not seek me or think about our friends in Warsaw. You need only think of yourself, remember that. I shall have eloped—with Wanda."

And he finished with an odd laugh, that had a tender ring in it.

"Bukatys and I," he went on, after a pause, "do not talk of these things together. But we have come to an understanding on that point. And when the first flurry is over and we come to the top for a breath of air, you have only to wire to my address in Paris to tell me where you are—and I will tell you where we are. We are old birds at this sport—you and I—and we know how to take care of ourselves."

They were now in the outskirts of the town, among the wide and ill-paved streets where tall houses are springing up on the site of the huts once occupied by the Jews who are now quartered in the neighbourhood of the Nowiniarska market place. For the chosen people must needs live near a market place, and within hearing of the clink of small coin. In the cities of Eastern Europe that have a Jew's quarter, there is a barrier erected between the daily lives of the two races, though no more than a narrow street may in reality divide them. Different interests, different hopes, aspirations and desires are to be found within a few yards, and neighbours are as far apart as if a frontier line or the curse of Babel stood between them.

Cartoner and Deulin, riding through the Jewish quarter, were as safe from recognition as if they were in a country lane at Wilanow; for the men hurrying along the pavements were wrapped each in his own keen thought of gain, and if they glanced up at the horsemen at all, merely looked in order to apprise the value of their clothes and saddles—as if there were nothing beyond. For them, it would seem, there is no beyond; nothing but the dumb waiting for the removal of that curse which has lasted nineteen hundred years, and instead of wearing itself out, seems to gain in strength as the world grows older.

"We will go by the back ways," said Cartoner, "and need never see any of our world in Warsaw at all."

The streets were crowded by men, for the women live an indoor life in an atmosphere that seems to bleach and fatten. The roads were little used for wheel traffic; for the commerce by which these people live is of so retail a nature that it seems to pass from hand to hand in mysterious cloth bundles and black stuff bags. The two horsemen were obliged to go slowly through the groups, who never raised their heads, or seemed to speak above a whisper.

"What do they talk of—what do they think—all day?" said Carton. And indeed the quiet of the streets had a suggestion of surreptitiousness. Even the children are sad, and stand about in melancholy solitude.

"I would sooner be a dog," answered Deulin, with a shake of the shoulders, as if Care had climbed into the saddle behind him. "Sooner a dog."

By these ways they reached the station, and there found a messenger to take the horses to their stable. All through the streets they had passed men in one uniform or another, who looked stout and well-fed, who strode in the middle of the pavement, while the Poles whose clothes were poor and threadbare, shuffled aside in their patched and shuffling boots to make way for the conqueror. Sometimes they would turn and look back at some sword-bearer who was more offensive than usual, with reflective eyes as if marking him in order to know him at a future time. As is always the case, it was the smaller officials who were the most offensive, the little Jacks-in-Office from the Postal Administration; the Customs officers, the hundred obscure civil servants who wear a sword and uniform unworthily in any of the three European empires. On the other hand, the men in real authority, and notably the officers of the better regiments, sought to conciliate by politeness and a careful retention of themselves in the background. But these well-intentioned efforts were of small avail; for racial things are stronger than human endeavour or the careful foresight of statesmen. Here, in Warsaw, the Muscovite, the Pole, the Jew—herding together in the same streets, under the same roof, obedient to one law, acknowledging one sovereign—were watching each other, hating each other.

(To be continued)

The Humbert Affair

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

THE revelations regarding the Humbert affair are more interesting than any novel. A week ago Madame Humbert owned her magnificent mansion in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, her château at St. Germain, her château des Vives-Eaux at Melun, her château de Villier-en-Brères, her hunting-box at Orsonville, her 1,000-acre vineyard at Narbonne, her steam yacht on the Seine, her carriages, horses, and automobiles. These were properties which existed for her pleasure. But all over Paris she owned houses and property of all kinds. She was at the head of a large wine business, and owned a large *entrepôt* at Bercy, where she employed agents and travellers to dispose of the product of her vines. Then she founded an insurance company, the Rente Viagère, which she personally directed. She bought property in Madagascar, owned 4,000 acres of vines in Tunis, and held land in the Caucasus. But, not content with carrying on her immense and complicated financial transactions, her wine business and her insurance company, she led a life of fashion and pleasure which made her one of the best known figures in Paris society. Her entertainments were legendary; all the artists of the Comédie Française and the Opéra recited or sung at her entertainments. Her gallery of pictures was celebrated, and was supposed to contain one of the finest collections of Corots in France. And still the flood of gold kept pouring forth. The famous safe, with its hundred million francs, alleged to have been left her by an American named Crawford, and said to be held in abeyance pending legal action on the part of his nephews until one of them married her sister, Mlle. d'Aurignac, hypnotised the financial world of Paris. Any doubts regarding the almost incredible legend were still by the authoritative assurances of Me. Du Buit, ex-batonnier of the Order of Advocates, and, possibly, the most respected figure at the French bar; of Me. Jaquin, one of the leading members of the Council of State; of Me. Lanquest, one of the leading notaries of Paris. Then was she not the daughter-in-law of M. Humbert, ex-Minister of Justice in the Freycinet Cabinet, President of the Court des Comptes, Vice-President of the Senate, and the wife of M. Frederic Humbert, Advocate of the Court of Appeal, and deputy for the Seine et Marne department? And did not statesmen, financiers, officers, painters, men of science—in a word, everyone who counts in Paris—frequent her house? And so, for twenty years, the saraland of millions went on. And then the crash came. The opening of the famous safe could no longer be delayed. Mme. Humbert vanished, and with



Built upon the esplanade fronting the sea, the new Royal Alexandra Children's Hospital and Convalescent Home at Rhyll, which was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales last Monday, is a handsome structure, whose erection is chiefly due to the generosity of the late Duke of Westminster. The late Duke, in addition to giving 5,000*l.* to the building fund, presented 10,000*l.* won by his horse, Flying Fox.

THE NEW ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL AT RHYLL



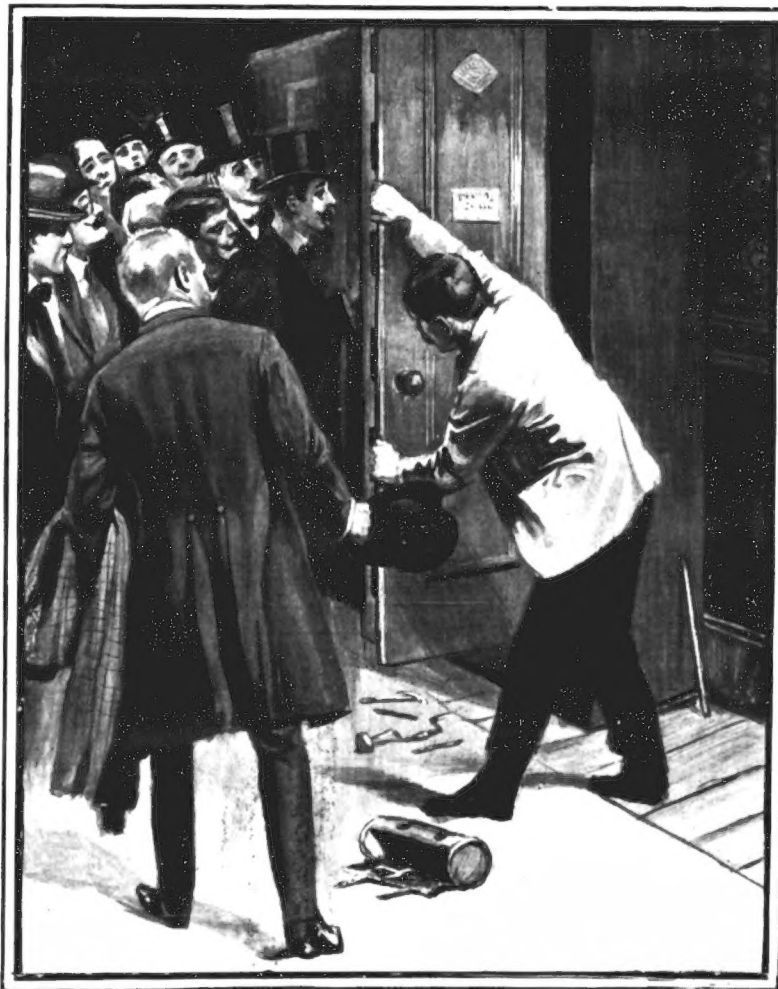
MME. FRÉDÉRIC HUMBERT
Née Thérèse d'Aurignac



M. FRÉDÉRIC HUMBERT
Former Deputy



Mlle. MAY D'AURIGNAC
The Fiancée of the Brothers Crawford



THE LOST MILLIONS: OPENING THE FAMOUS HUMBERT-CRAWFORD SAFE
DRAWN BY P. F. HICKLING

her vanished the whole fabric, as if it had never been. There were no millions. The magnificent hotel she inhabited had been privately sold eighteen months ago, and she was only occupying it till July next. Her famous gallery of pictures was a myth. All the masterpieces had been secretly sold, one after the other, and their place on the walls taken by skillfully executed copies. Her vineyards had never been paid for, her châteaux and houses were mortgaged up to the hilt, the wine business in Bercy was bankrupt, and the insurance company, the Rente Viagère, tumbled in like a house of cards.

But for this last institution, which has spread ruin and desolation by engulfing the savings of thousands of poor people, Madame Humbert would be almost popular in Paris. The news of the opening of the famous safe was received with a burst of laughter. No sympathy is felt for the financiers who advanced her money, as they all exact twenty, thirty, fifty and a hundred per cent. on their loans. Between her and them it has only been diamond cut diamond. They are all wealthy people, able to stand the loss, and the total amount of the defalcations—a couple of million pounds—does not amount to a public disaster. But what people admire is the absolute genius the woman showed, for twenty long years, to keep this huge mystification going and make it bring in millions and millions, when it was founded on nothing. Our photographs are by Fisher, Paris.

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

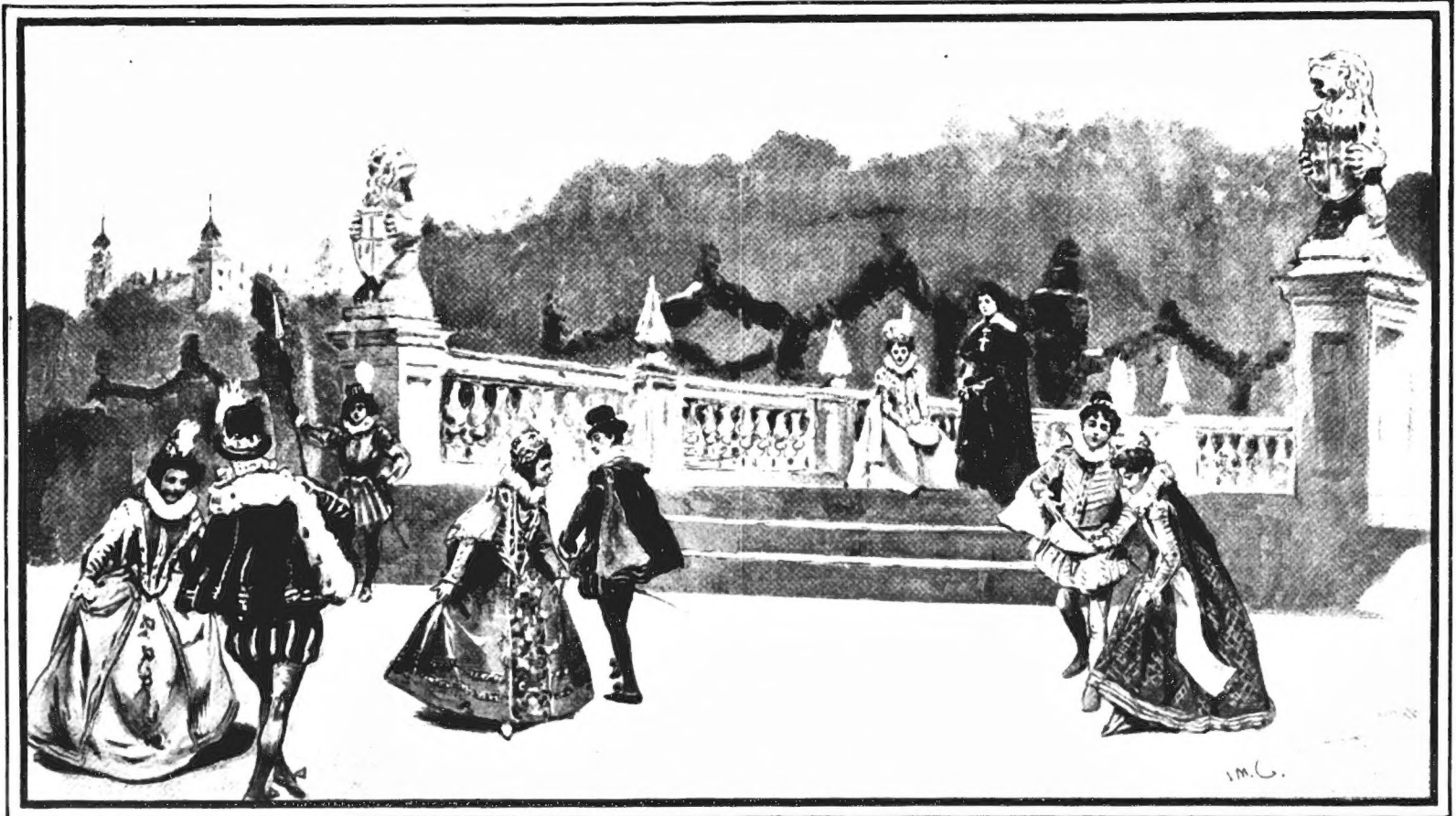
WITH one eye on the Whitsun holidays the House of Commons has, through the week, been pegging away at the Budget Bill, with the second reading of the Loan Bill to follow. On Monday the Chancellor of the Exchequer appeared at the Table in a Parliamentary white sheet and recanted his heresy in the matter of the extra tax on cheques.

Monday, indeed, was a red-letter day in the record of the Opposition. A seat had been won

at Bury, and here was the Chancellor of the Exchequer driven to abandon a cherished portion of his Budget, just as if he were Mr. Lowe and had invented a Match Tax. Sir William Harcourt, moving the rejection of the Budget Bill, made a pretty point by suggesting that the duty would have been more appropriately and effectively performed by Mr. Toulmin, the newly elected member for Bury. He would, he said, speak in more eloquent numbers. (The precise majority at Bury was 414.) Failing him Sir William, mounted on his favourite horse, Finance, made a spirited speech, sparkling with point and epigram.

In anticipation of this stand by a united Opposition on the consecrated ground of Free Trade, there was, in advance, much trumpeting in Hyde Park and elsewhere beyond the precincts of Westminster. To tell the truth, there was depressing absence of reality from the fight on the floor of the House. Not that there was lack of conviction or unity in the Opposition ranks. But the hopelessness of endeavour to break the serried ranks of the Ministerialists sapped strength and broke spirit. In the end, after two long days' debate, the House, dividing in the first hour of Wednesday morning, Sir William Harcourt's amendment was negatived by 296 votes against 188. This majority of 108 is considerably below the normal majority. It marks many abstentions, and several absolute defections. But it will serve.

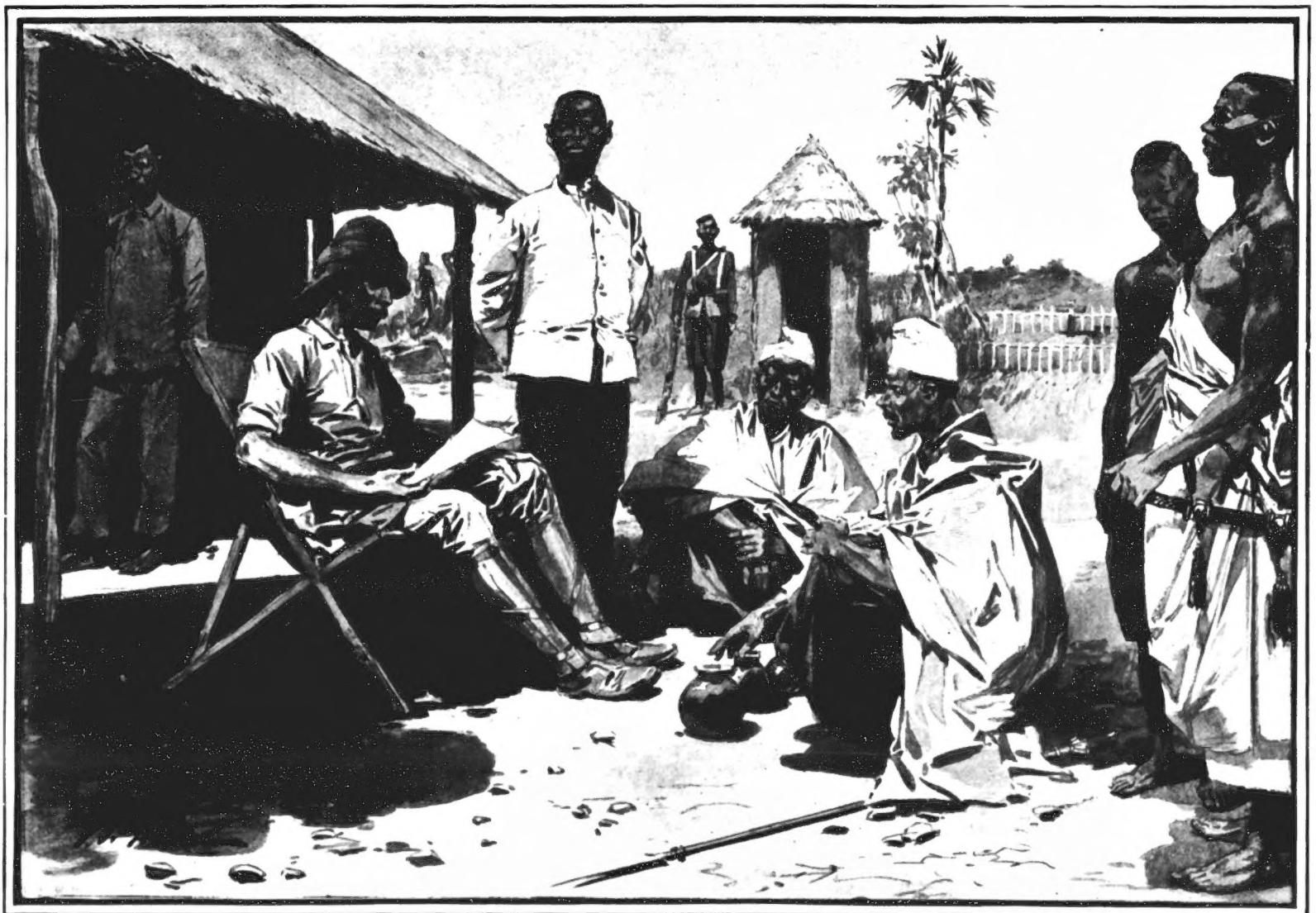
A notable and significant feature of the debate, of which Mr. Balfour, who sat it through, has doubtless taken account, was the earnestness of insistence on the Ministerial side that there should be no paltering with Protection. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, and later, the First Lord of the Treasury, were careful to call in Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone to aid them in defeating Sir William Harcourt. The main plank of their argument was that the imposition of a shilling tax on corn could not be a movement in the direction of Protection since it was merely the reinstatement of a proposal devised by Sir Robert Peel, adopted by Mr. Gladstone, and in full force when the Corn Law League, declaring its mission accomplished, dissolved itself.



One of the prettiest entertainments that has been seen in Madrid for some time was given the other day at the Mexican Legation. Various scenes and tableaux were represented to illustrate the history of dancing. Tableau No. IV. represented a scene in the garden of the Pardo Palace in the time of

Philip III. In this scene, which was arranged by Señor Moreno Carbonero, the characters were taken by children, each one representing a historical personage who was present at a celebrated fête at the Pardo Palace.

THE GRAND FETE AT THE MEXICAN LEGATION IN MADRID: A DANCE AT THE COURT OF PHILIP III.



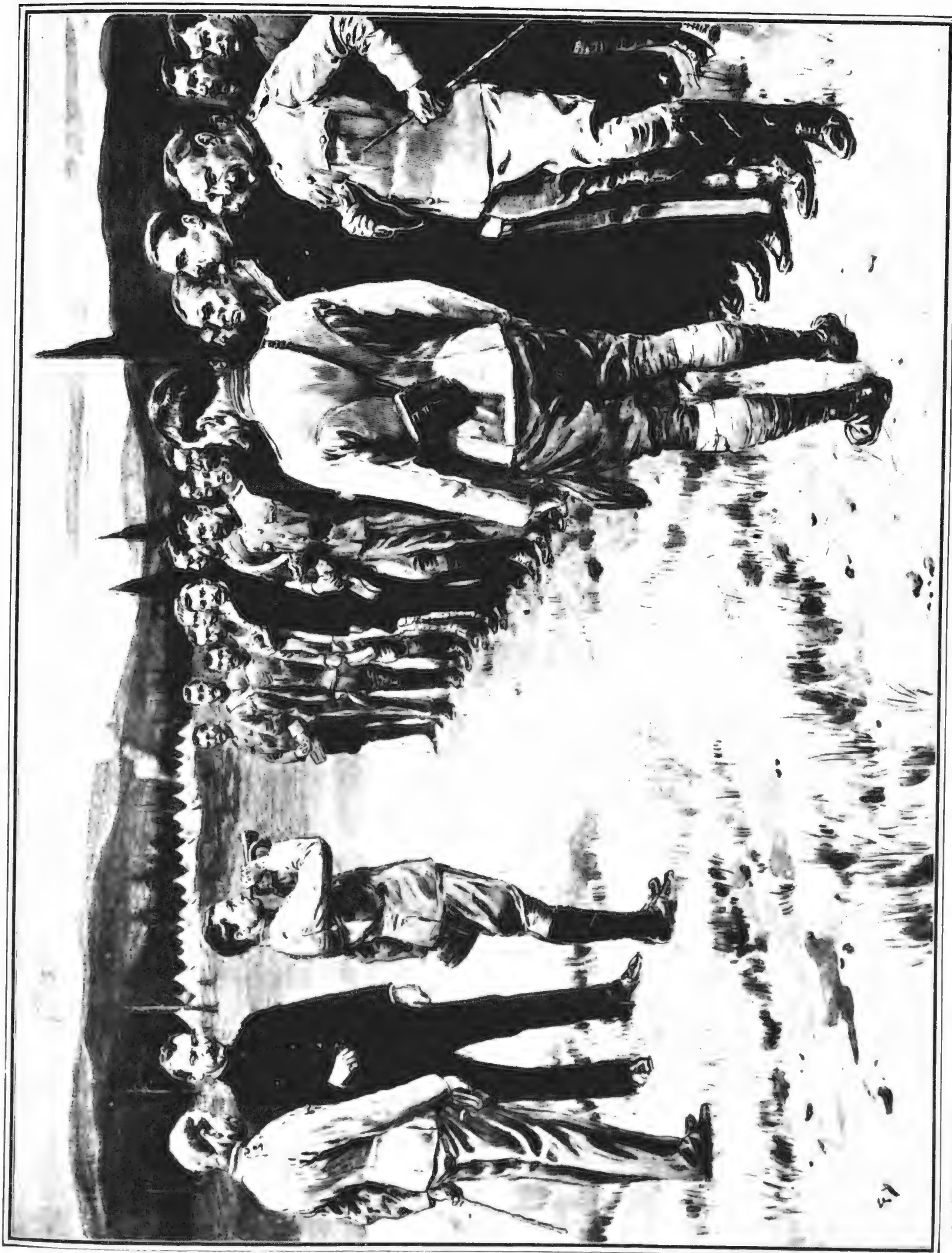
DRAWN BY F. DE HARNES

Various ways of obtaining an idea of the population of different districts were adopted, but the best and the one most easily understood by the natives was the shell or cowrie system. Each chief or head man placed in a jar as many shells or cowries as there were men in his village and then did the same

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. E. GALLEHER

for the women and for the children. He then brought the three jars to the white man in whose district he was, and that official counted the number of shells and thus obtained a fairly accurate return of the population.

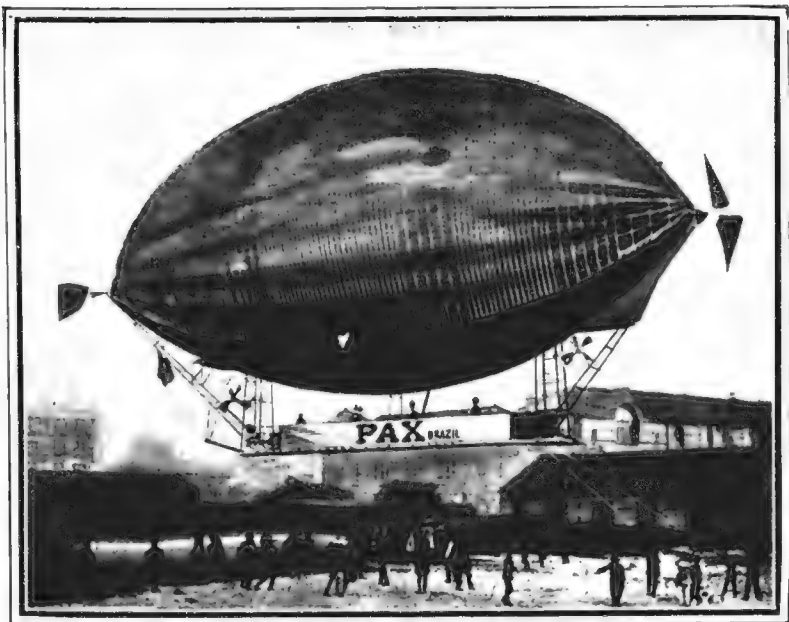
HOW THE CENSUS WAS TAKEN IN WEST AFRICA



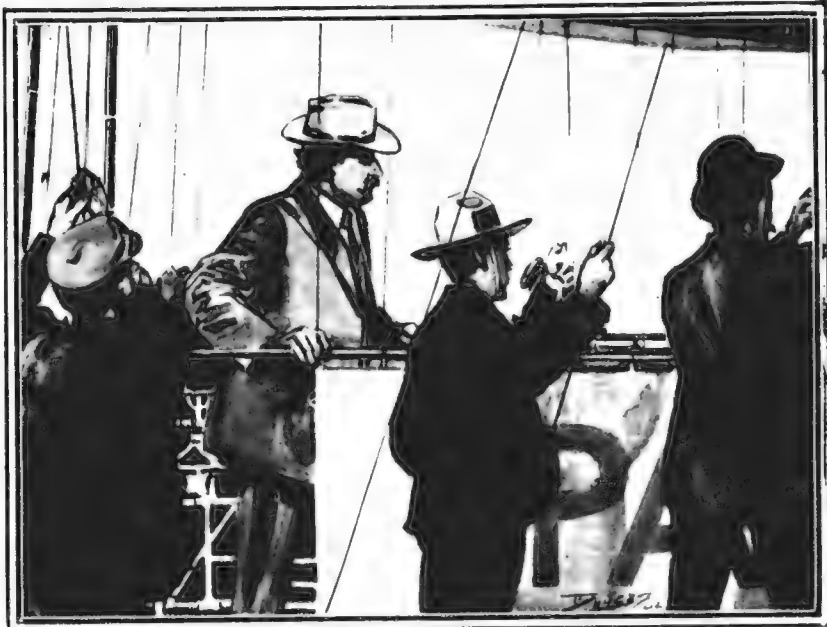
THE "LAST POST" A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS KILLED AT BOTHAESBURG

FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. HICKS

The seven New Zealanders, including the man drawn up in line, and after announcing the loss of their old comrade to them, ordered the "Last Post" to be sounded, whilst the old soldier, who had been determined to attempt to break through the outpost at Botha'sburg, lost his life.



READY TO START
From a Photograph supplied by A. Rischgitz



M. Severo
M. Alvarro, who was left behind at the last moment
M. SIAERO ENTERING THE CAR

The Airship Disaster

EARLY on Monday morning Señor Severo, accompanied by his mechanic, Sachet, made an ascent with his new airship "Pax" at Vaugirard in the presence of his wife and a number of friends. At the height of about 1,000 feet the balloon suddenly exploded and fell to the ground, both occupants being instantaneously killed.



M. SEVERO

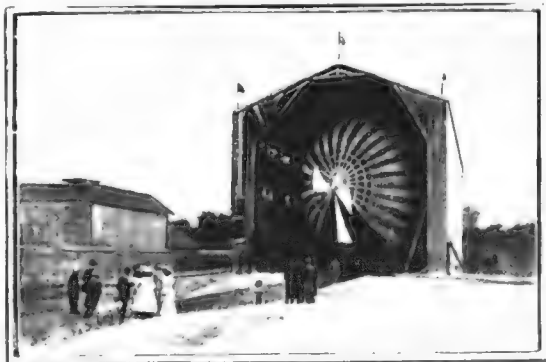
"The explosion of Señor Severo's balloon," writes our correspondent, "and the tragic death of its inventor was a great shock to Paris, where the Brazilian aeronaut was well known and justly popular. He had the utmost confidence in his airship, which

I was far from sharing. It seemed to me much too complicated. Señor Severo explained to me the workings of all the various parts in a fashion that showed that he was thoroughly familiar with them and their working. But this was on *terra firma*. It seemed to me that in the upper air, where some sudden incident might happen, there was every chance of the most cool-headed man losing his presence of mind. Then the balloon seemed to me dangerously near the framework. To have such a mass of hydrogen in such close vicinity to a motor driven by petroleum seemed very hazardous, and it has unfortunately turned out that this was unhappily the case. The greatest sympathy is felt for Señora Severo and her seven children—the more so as it is known that Señor Severo has invested all his fortune in his airship. It is hoped that the Brazilian Parliament, of which he was one of the most respected members, will come to the aid of his family by voting a similar sum to that presented to M. Santos-Dumont."

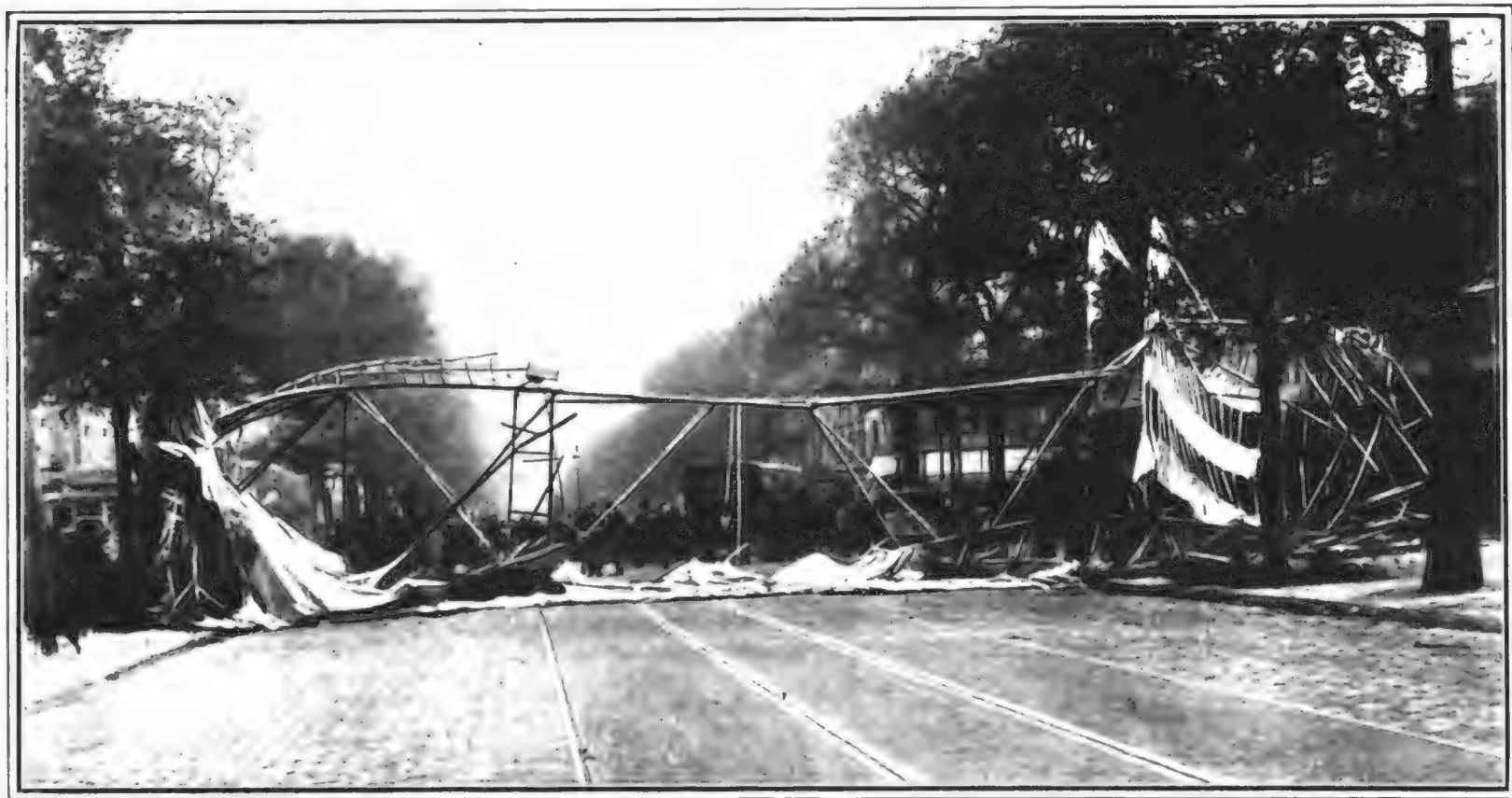
The Spanish Coronation

THE youngest Sovereign in Europe—Alphonso XIII, of Spain—comes of age to-day (Saturday), his sixteenth birthday. In Spain the Royal majority is two years earlier than in most countries, and Alphonso is but a frail lad to support so heavy a burden as the crown of a distracted and trying country like Spain. But the young monarch has been admirably trained by his wise mother, Maria Christina of Austria, whose Regency has been an undoubted

success. Alphonso XIII. is one of the few monarchs who have been born Kings, for his young father died some months before his birth. There is now no Coronation in Spain, similar to the important pageant to which we in England look forward in June. The King simply takes the oath to observe the constitution, and his subjects in return take the oath of allegiance. Nor is his crown a very gorgeous diadem—a gold circlet jewelled and adorned with eight leaves.

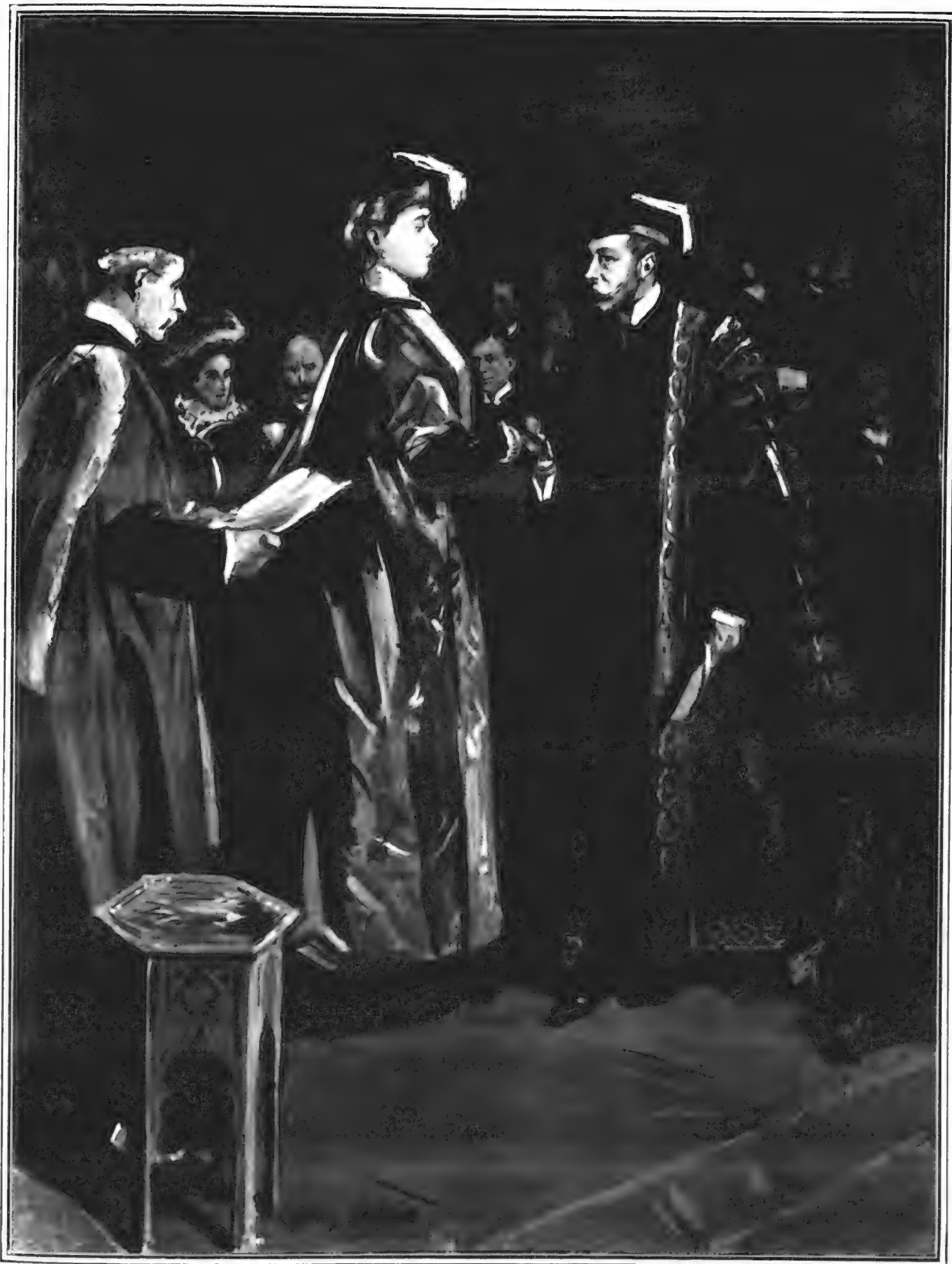


THE AIRSHIP IN ITS SHED AT VAUGIRARD



THE AIRSHIP DISASTER: THE REMAINS OF THE "PAX" LYING IN THE AVENUE DU MAINE, PARIS

From a Photograph by Edouard Allessy, Rue de la Gaîté, Paris



After the Prince of Wales had been duly installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales the Royal Chancellor proceeded to admit the Princess of Wales to the degree of Mus. Doc., honoris causa, holding her hand as he did so, and conferring the honour in the formula which, translated, was to this effect: "I admit you to the degree of Doctor in Music, honoris causa, and to all the privileges of this dignity." This little ceremony gave rise to a great display of enthusiasm, and was followed by the Chancellor conferring a number of other honorary degrees.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES BEING ADMITTED A MUS. DOC. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES

FROM A SKETCH BY SIDNEY F. HALL, M.A.C.



Of mignonette green velvet, the front of the skirt being richly embroidered. The Louis XV. coat opens over a white satin waistcoat. Elbow-sleeves and collar covered with lace and embroidery.
COSTUME FOR AN "AT HOME"



In this costume Irish lace is used as trimming, a wide insertion being arranged as a flounce on the skirt, and a bettie draping the low bodice.

BALL-DRESS IN ROSE-PINK SILKEN VOILE



This costume is peculiarly effective. The black silk foundation is covered with black tulle, thickly sprinkled with sparkling jet *faillottes*.

AN EVENING COSTUME

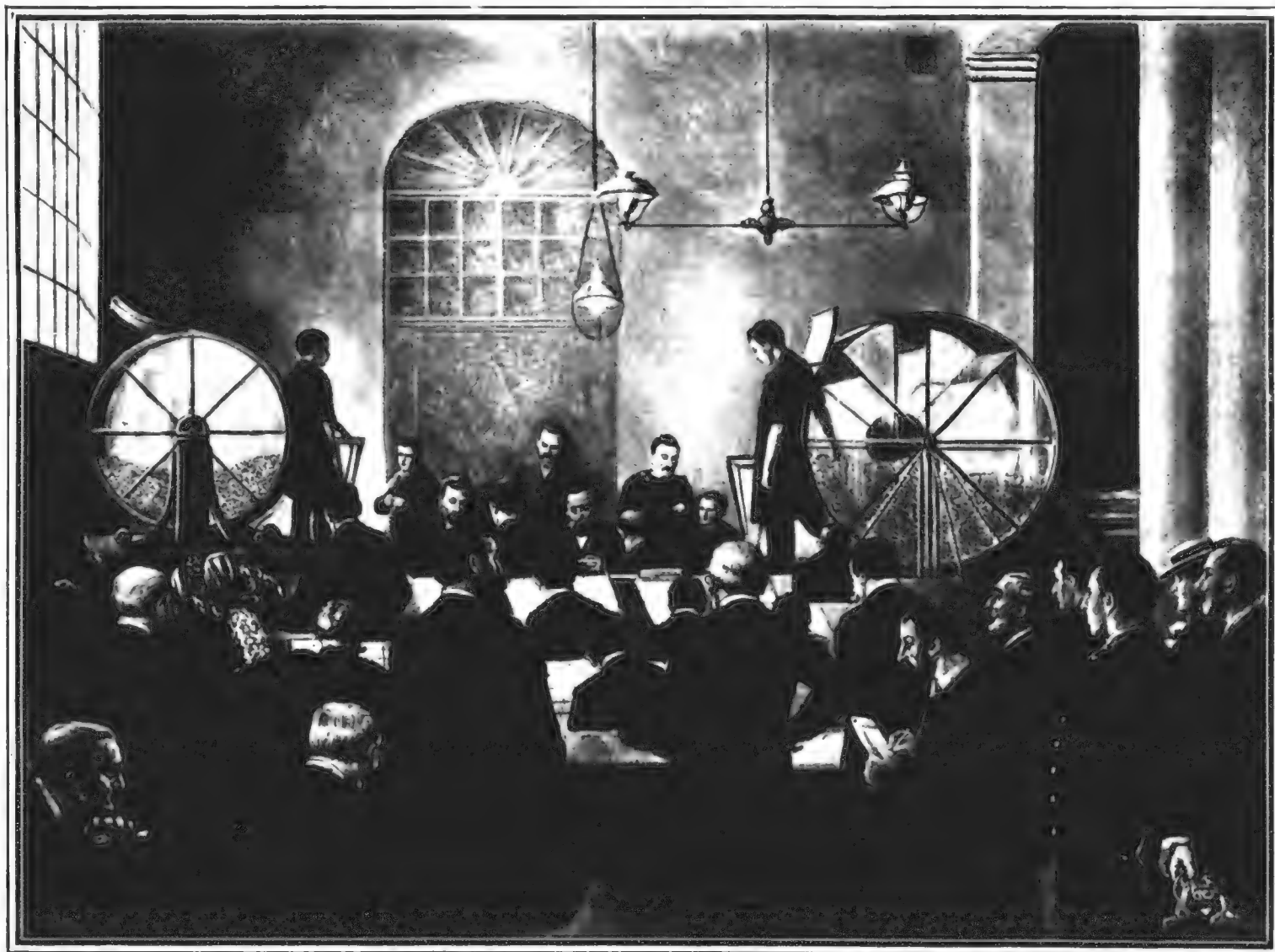


A deep pleated flounce edges the skirt and bunches of ribbons and shaded roses form the trimming. The epaulettes are entirely made of roses.

BALL-DRESS OF PINK SILK MUSLIN

NEW FASHIONS FROM PARIS

From Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris

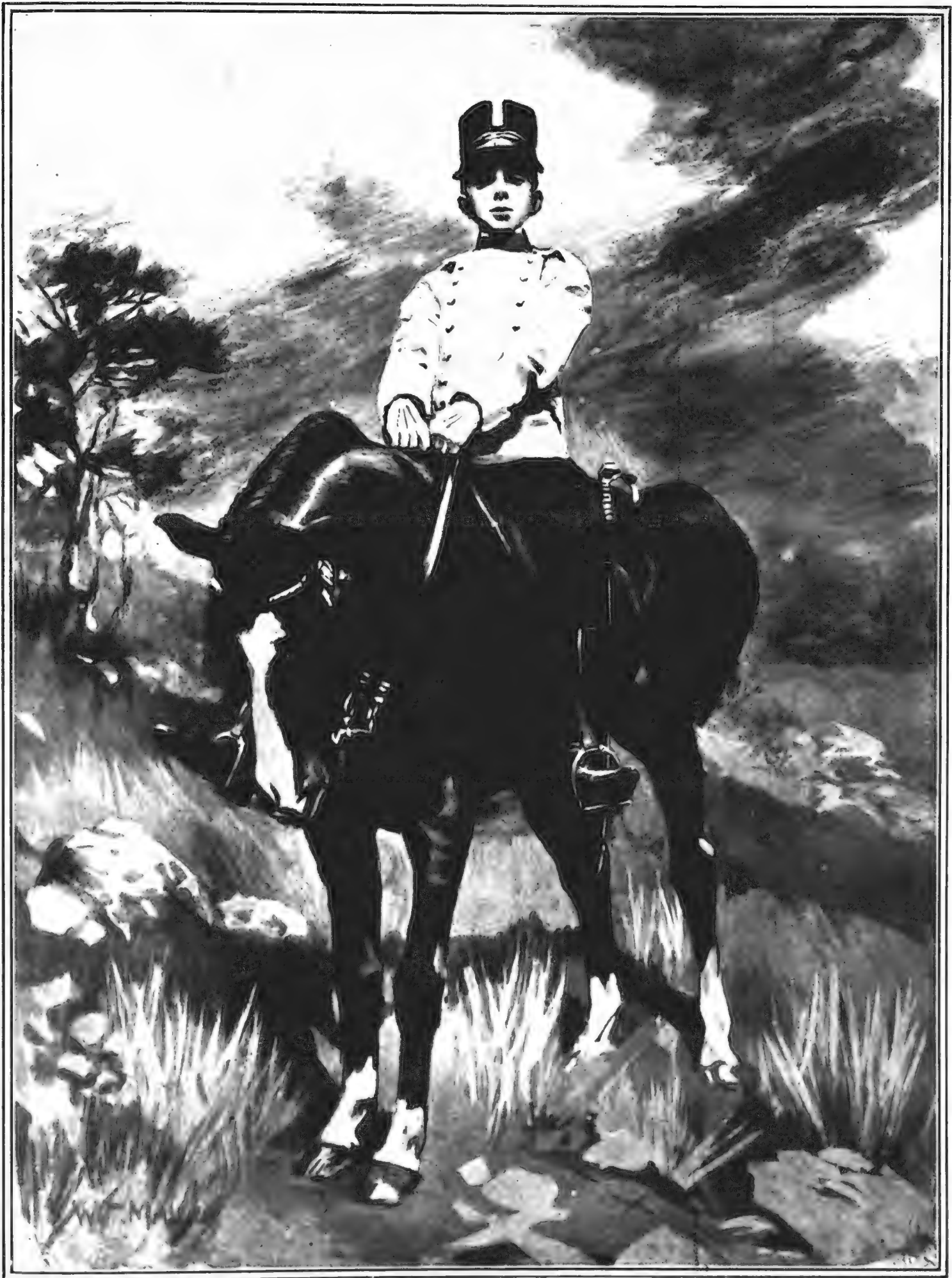


The State Lottery is a prominent feature in Prussian family life, for almost every Prussian, high or low, is in some way interested in it. The rich man takes a whole ticket with the chance of winning 25,000*mk.*, the middle-class paterfamilias takes a quarter of a ticket, the working man or woman takes a tenth, and still poorer people club together to take a tenth among them. The whole ticket costs 8*mk.*, and as the 100,000 tickets are nearly always sold, upwards of 1,500,000*mk.* are collected twice a year by the officials of the Lottery Department. A large sum is returned in prizes, which are all paid in cash, but the Government still makes a very handsome profit. The drawings are conducted on a system which the experience of more than 100 years has rendered practically perfect, and even a suspicion of trickery is precluded. A boy from an orphanage takes out from the wheel one of the little numbered rolls, another

orphan boy unfolds it and passes it to an official, who reads it aloud. Simultaneously another boy has taken from the smaller wheel a little roll on which the value of a prize is written. This is handed by another boy to an official, who then says how much the number read out by his colleague has won. In the 4th class there are 77,500 prizes ranging in value from 12*mk.* to 25,000*mk.*, and the drawing occurs nearly three weeks. This drawing takes place in public, under the supervision of a high Government official, and intense excitement prevails until it is known who has come into a fortune by winning the "grand prize." The lucky number is at once telegraphed all over Prussia, and the names and circumstances of its fortunate owner are afterwards published in the newspapers.

THE STATE LOTTERY IN PRUSSIA: HOW THE PRIZES ARE DRAWN

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. KASKELINE



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN, WHO IS TO BE CROWNED AT MADRID TO-DAY (SATURDAY)

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

A Correspondent at Wilge River, South Africa, writes:—"We were marching up the railway line one morning when suddenly, on our right, appeared a large herd, some three dozen Blasbok, many of which had kids or fawns running after them. They made straight for the railway line in Indian file. The line being guarded by a barbed wire fence between the block-houses, they turn it down and ran along the line, thus getting between us and the fence. A

pick of dogs of all kinds, but mostly greyhounds and mongrels of all sorts and sizes, gave chase down the line. When they came down to the transport (mule waggon, ambulances, and Cape carts) more dogs joined in, and the herd, already blown by the chivving they had received along the miles of driving troops, were now about done. One or two, indeed, stood panting, and were quickly surrounded by mounted men and Kafirs who accompany the transport. When

Blasbok was thus surrounded a boy would jump off and, so game needing great activity, would throw it on its side, fingers in its nostrils. Then it was collared by several men. The hunt went on all this time, buck, men, horses, dogs at full gallop at the heads of the devoted herd as they dodged among

A BLASBOK HUNT: AN INCIDENT ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION



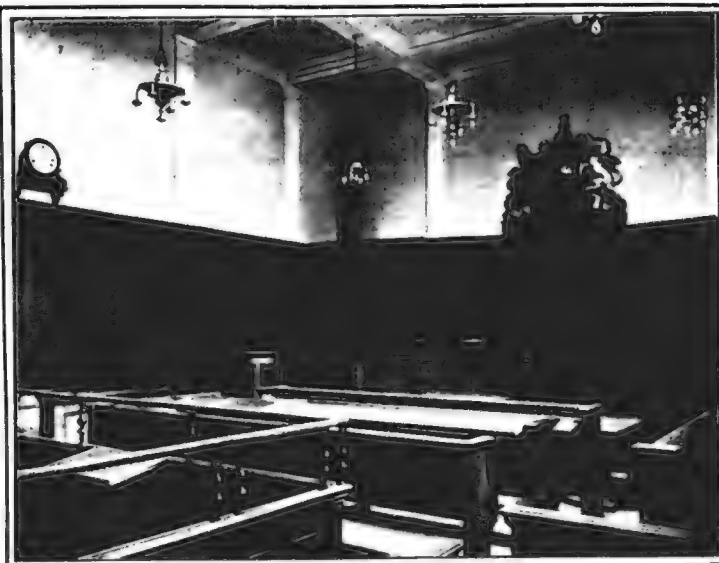
FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT

gave chase and Cape
lived along
nting, and
When a
blabok was thus surrounded a boy would jump off and, seizing the buck by the horns (a risky
game needing great activity), would throw it on its side and push its head back with his
fingers in its nostrils. Then it was collared by several more boys and "stuck." The general
hunt went on all this time, buck, men, horses, dogs at full speed, all in a lurch. Knobkerries
now at the heads of the devoted herd as they dodged among the pursuers, and ultimately getting

a fair field the animals went for the fence close to a blockhouse, clearing it in two lines, legs
and all. An old fat buck failed in his jump, and came over in the wire entanglement, and
was quickly done to death by a blockhouse man with a bayonet."



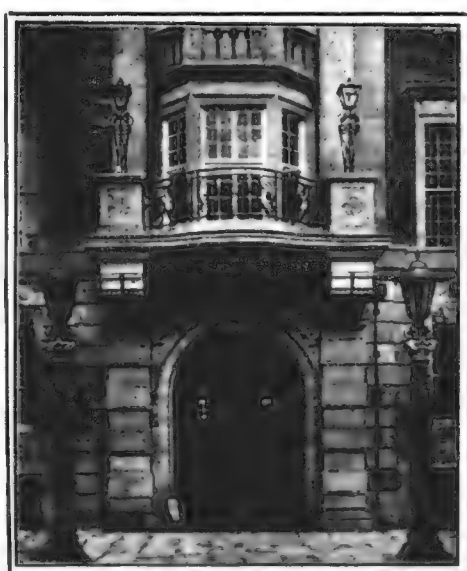
RAVENS SURMOUNTING THE TOWER



THE SESSIONS COURT



FIREPLACE IN WEST COMMITTEE ROOM PRESENTED BY THE COLCHESTER CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY



THE MAIN GATES, WITH BALCONY, FROM WHICH ADDRESSES WILL BE MADE

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE question of trains or no trains has latterly been vexing the souls of ladies bidden to the Courts. At first the order went out that no trains were to be worn, except by ladies presenting and being presented; then it was announced that for the future trains were to be worn by everybody present, but that, as some ladies might not be able to provide themselves with trains in time for May 10, the rule might be relaxed for that date. The new order certainly seemed sensible and convenient, for as the Courts are now materially changed from the old Drawing Rooms, being held in the evenings, and ladies who are not presented are not required to pass the presence, a train becomes rather a useless encumbrance, and cannot be displayed in all its beauty. At the foreign Courts trains are not *de rigueur*.

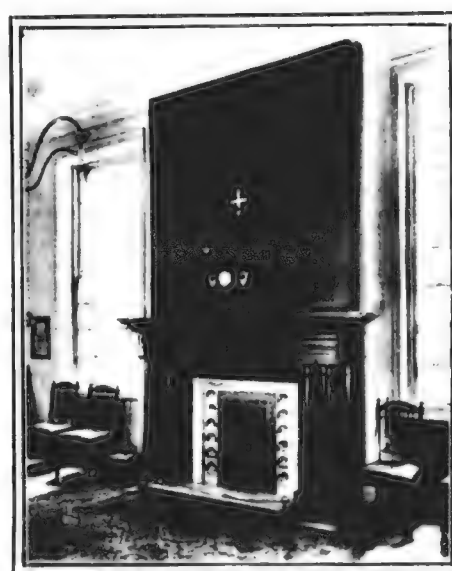
Some able lectures have been given at the Alexandra College, Dublin, by Dr. Kuno Meyer, the great Celtic scholar. These lectures have been provided by a fund raised to perpetuate the memory of Miss Margaret Stokes, a lady well versed in Celtic art and architecture, who devoted her life to research on these subjects and that of early Christian art in Ireland. It is not often that women take a deep interest in such abstruse subjects, and the lectures delivered by an old friend of Miss Stokes were not only interesting in themselves, but also a graceful tribute to Miss Stokes's memory. Dr. Kuno Meyer discussed the date of the importation of Christianity into Ireland, and the mention of British slaves, evidently Christian, who, like St. Patrick, had brought a knowledge of the Gospel into Ireland. He added that Ireland, half a century after the death of the Saint, was in the van of European nations as regarded classical learning. In fact, they found in the sixth century a flourishing Irish church different from any St. Patrick could have founded. Here is another grievance for the distressful country, in the destruction of the St. Patrick legend.



THE SOUTH FRONT

In an important book on dangerous trades just published by a number of experts, we find the woman labour question treated admirably by Miss Margaret McMillan on "Child Labour," one of the burning questions of the day; by Mrs. H. J. Tennant, on the relation of infant mortality and factory work, another great question; and by Miss A. M. Anderson, in her definition of maladies which are styled the "diseases of slaves." All these subjects, as well as the laws and regulations of workshops, are of the most serious importance not only to women but to the nation at large, one-half of which does not know how the other half lives, for it is the mothers who are answerable not only for the health but for the very vitality of the next generation.

The recent cold snap has disconcerted all the arrangements for summer dress. At the smart race meetings ladies wore furs and winter garments, and those who ventured on more summery creations looked cold and nipped up. Nothing is so unbecoming as a thin light dress on a chilly day; but winter clothes have served their time, and it is a little difficult to look as bright and at the same time as comfortable as one desires. Yet some people are never tired of tempting Providence. A lady I saw riding on her bicycle the other day in a bitter east wind was wearing



FIREPLACE IN NORTH COMMITTEE ROOM FORMED OF OAK TAKEN FROM OLD TOWN HALL

a thin silk blouse with a low neck, and was evidently desirous of courting chills and coughs and all manner of bronchial troubles.

Most ladies, beginning with the Queen and the Princess of Wales, have become ardent photographers. Not only is the accomplishment the source of a good deal of pleasure to one's self and of occasional amusing annoyance to the friends who submit to be kodaked, but for those who can really photograph well, like Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond for instance, whose Alpine photographs exhibit a wonderful range of detail and effect, there is money to be made in a pleasant and unconventional manner. For instance, tours through England well illustrated are always acceptable to magazines and picture pages, while journalistic illustration is exceedingly profitable, snapshots of notable events being always well received. A new venture will be the "Candid Friend" motor-car, which is to travel round the world, while its occupants make cinematographic records, photographic picture cards, etc. It will soon be no longer necessary to embark on long voyages in order to see foreign lands, photography and an arm-chair will be all that is necessary to enlarge our knowledge and amuse our leisure hours.

Miss Viola Tree, who was recently presented, and is one of the new generation of fine, tall, well-grown girls, does not intend to follow her parents' example and go on the stage, but has developed histrionic talent in another direction, namely, in mimicry and dancing. Her Bacchante dance, given at the matinee at the Lyric Theatre, in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, was a graceful and spirited performance. Her green and silver draperies proved cool and refreshing to the eye.

Amateur ladies have been giving their services freely in the cause of charity. At the same matinee Mrs. Cecil Powney danced and recited prettily; other amateurs took part in the acting of *Fair Windermere's Fan*; in a concert at Grosvenor House Countess Valda Gleichen and Lady Maud Warrender sang successfully, while Lady Mary Sackville, Miss Aine Lowther and others are contributing dramatic and musical aid to the entertainment at the Grafton Galleries on May 13. A mixture of the amateur and the professional element appears to be the most popular just now, and the amateurs may be congratulated that they are brave and fortunate enough to risk comparisons without any loss of prestige.

THE NEW TOWN HALL AT COLCHESTER, WHICH WAS TO BE OPENED BY LORD ROSEBERY ON THURSDAY

From Photographs by W. Gill Colchester

THE ERUPTION IN THE WEST INDIES

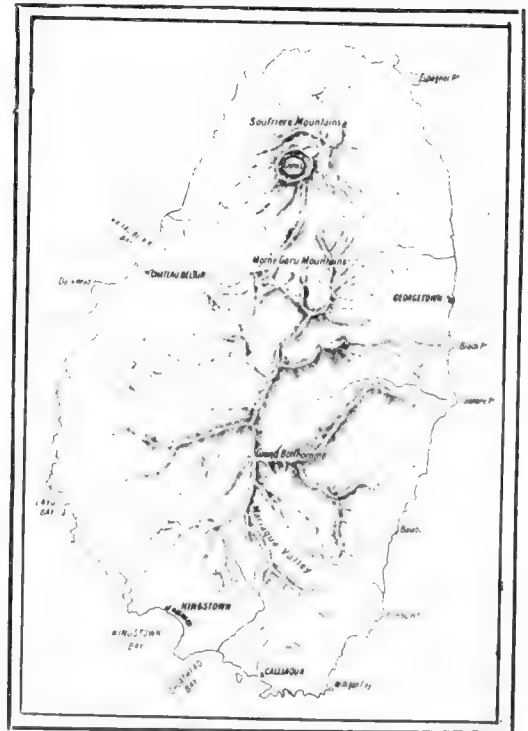


A STREET IN ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE



THE BISHOP'S PALACE, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE

THE disaster which has overwhelmed St. Pierre, the flourishing little commercial capital of Martinique, is so frightful in its nature that it is difficult even now to grasp the full extent of the catastrophe. Details up to the time of going to press are still somewhat meagre, but there is every reason to fear that fuller information will only add to the horrors with which we are already acquainted. As far as can be ascertained Mont Pelée first became alarmingly active on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th, and on the last day a stream



MAP OF ST. VINCENT



ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, FROM THE SEA (MONT PELÉE IN THE BACKGROUND)



THE MADAME RIVER, FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE



THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE



A VILLA IN THE HILLS, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE

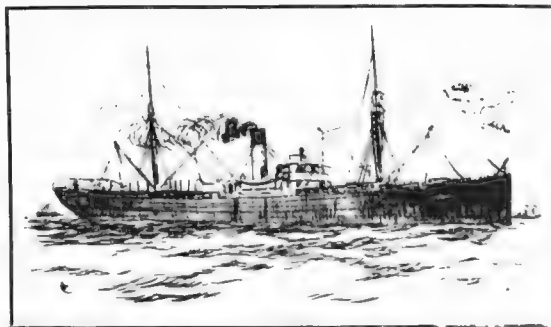
of lava rushed down the mountain side and reached the sea in three minutes, overwhelming everything in its course. After this many had an inkling of the coming doom, but it was not until three days later, namely, on Thursday, the 8th, that the volcano threw up an awful mass of smoke and earth.



CAPTAIN FREEMAN, OF THE "RODDAM"
Who, although severely burned, steered his ship out of the harbour and brought her safely to St. Lucia, where he now lies in hospital

quay. Later information stated that all the small hills around Le Carbet and the township of Le Prêcheur, at St. Pierre, were

crowded with fugitives to the number of about 5,000, who, partly stricken and without either food or water, were in a fearful plight. Of the thirty survivors rescued in the first instance by the *Sachet*, most were terribly burned. Two died while being conveyed to the hospital.



THE "RODDAM"

The only ship which escaped from St. Pierre Harbour

Relief was instantly organised, and everything possible is being done by British, French and Americans for the unfortunate sufferers, but the full difficulty of the work can only be appreciated when one reads that the shore at St. Pierre and the surface of the sea over a distance of a mile from land are covered with wreckage, and all the trees still standing on shore have been bent seaward by the force of the volcanic shower. All that remains standing is the gate of the Government offices, the walls having been calcined. Traces can be seen of the sites occupied by

the Customs House and the large shops, and at this point numerous bodies have been found lying in all kinds of attitudes. Without exception they are completely nude. St. Pierre itself, in point of fact, seems to be completely wiped out, 30,000 people having perished, while 50,000 are homeless and hungry. The eruption has made a desert of the whole of the north-eastern portion of the island.

One of the most thrilling incidents in connection with the disaster is furnished by the story of the steamer *Roddam*, which, luckily, had steam up, and so was able to slip her cable and escape from the harbour, but not before a burning mass, thrown up by the volcano, had struck her broadside on and nearly capsized her, while a "great wall of flame" rushed on the ship, and a hail of burning matter fell on everything, killing and suffocating many of the crew. As they crept out of the harbour they passed a less



CAPTAIN BOREHAM, OF THE "GRAPPLER"
Captain Arthur James Boreham was only thirty-four and the youngest officer who had ever commanded a cable vessel. There were fifty-four souls on board



GENERAL VIEW OF KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT

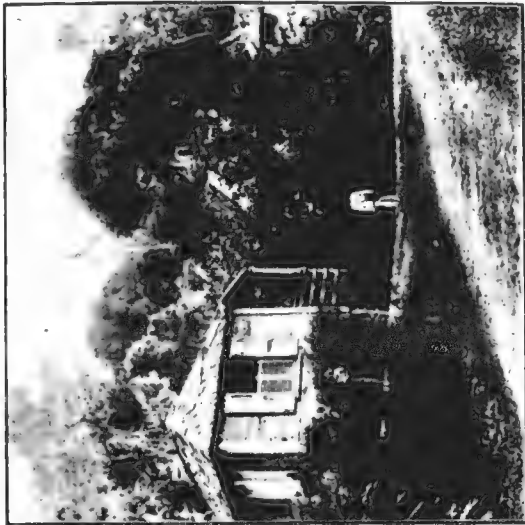
From a Photograph supplied by the Rev. Richard Adams



THE CARIB SETTLEMENT AT THE FOOT OF THE SOUFIERE
These few families are probably the last remains of the old inhabitants of the West Indians. They are almost black, owing to intermarriage with negroes at the time when negroes were first sent to the island. They are, however, superior to the negroes in many respects. Some few years ago a great landslide took place at the back of this village. A large ravine was completely filled up through the collapse of two mountains and some from the volcano.



THE VILLAGE OF BARROUALLIE, ST. VINCENT, NEAR THE SOUFIERE, NOW UNDER ASHES



A NEGRO HOUSE IN ST. VINCENT



These stones, of which there are numbers scattered over the island, have hieroglyphs cut into them, and are supposed to have been the altars on which human sacrifices were made in the prehistoric days of the Carib. Large numbers of stone implements are still dug up in the island, varying from an inch or so up to eighteen inches long.

CARIB SACRIFICIAL STONE IN THE YAMBU PASS, ST. VINCENT

From Photographs by E. J. Gunther

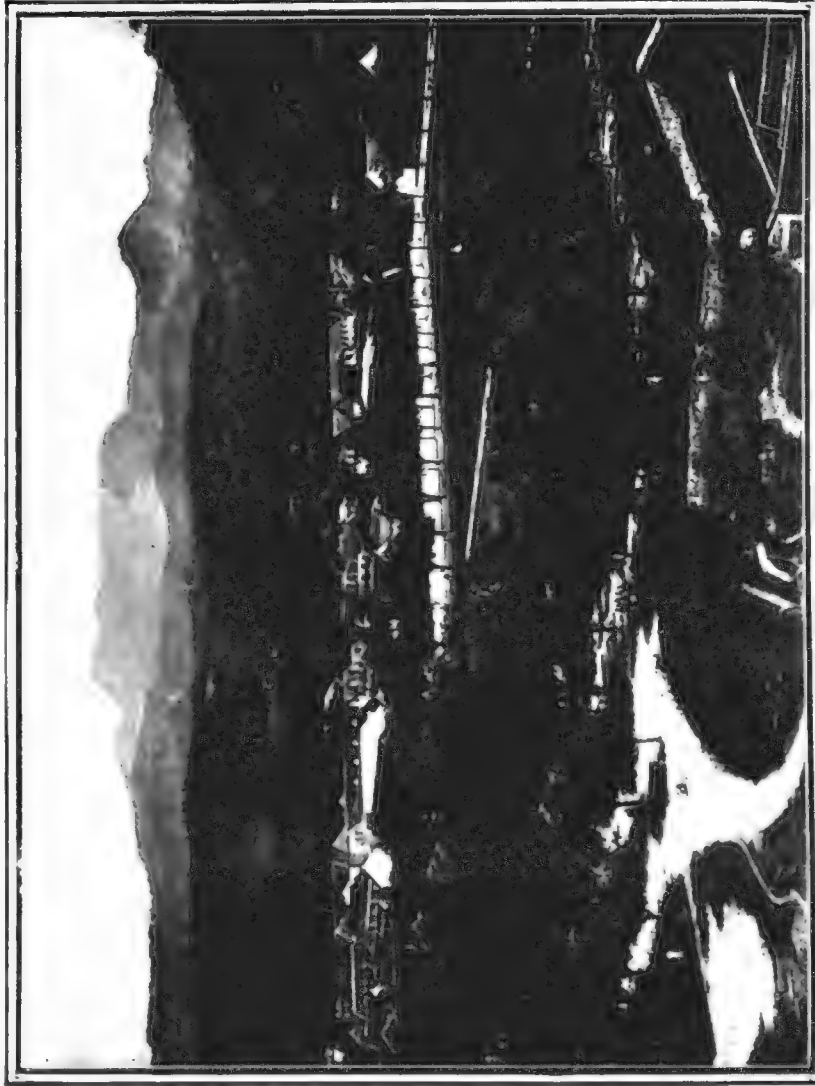
fortunate vessel, the steamship *Kauruan*, which was then one mass of flame, with a cloud of steam rising from the engine room. The screams of the sufferers on the doomed ship were terrible to hear, but it was impossible to render any aid. When the *Kauruan* arrived at St. Lucia ten of her men were lying dead, having been burned out of all human semblance, among the black smokers which coated the deck to a depth of six inches. Two more have since died. The burning cinders continued to fall upon the ship for six miles after she was under way. The gallant captain, who, though fearfully burned, steered the ship to safety, is likely to be laid up for weeks. When the eruptions struck

the shipping, one of the first vessels to go was the West Indian and Panama Telegraph Company's cable-ship *Catapult*.

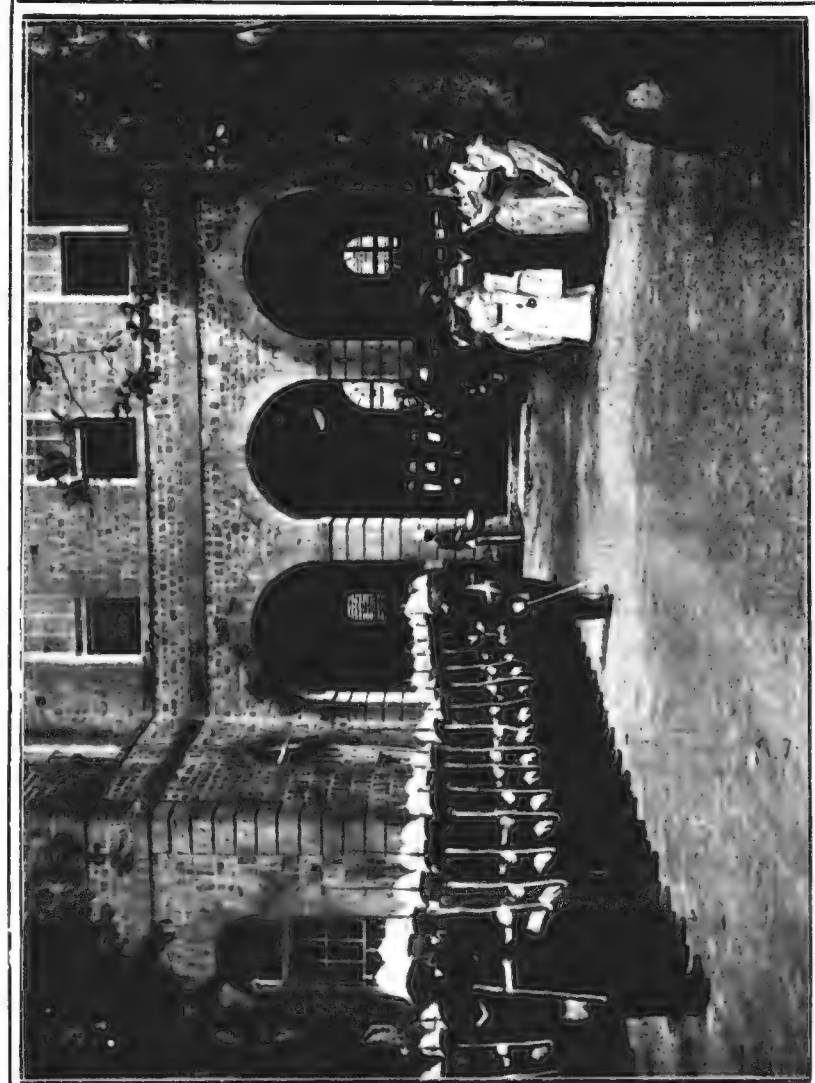
Meanwhile official details from Sir K. B. Llewellyn, Governor of the Windward Isles, with regard to our own island of St. Vincent, confirm the gravest fears that it might be threatened with the same destruction which fell upon St. Pierre. The Soufriere is in violent eruption, and terrific detonations follow one another. Great columns of steam, smoke and ashes shoot into the air, and are lighted up by tongues of flame that frequently spread out over the country, carrying death to every living thing. For many miles to the southward of La Soufriere the

country is under a constant bombardment, and the death list is constantly increasing, as the flames are literally sweeping the entire northern end of the island, while a great area has been isolated by the flow of lava.

La Soufriere first became active on May 7, and pebbles and ashes are incessantly falling on Kingstown, but as this town is at the furthest end of the island from the volcano, there seems good reason for hoping that it will escape. The northern district, however, from Chateau Belair to Georgetown, has been completely destroyed, at Belair the ashes being three feet deep. The estimate of the number of deaths is from 1,000 to 2,000.



THE SAVANNE, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE (MONT PEELE IN THE BACKGROUND)



A REMINISCENCE: PROCLAIMING THE KING AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. VINCENT

From a Photograph by J. C. Wilson



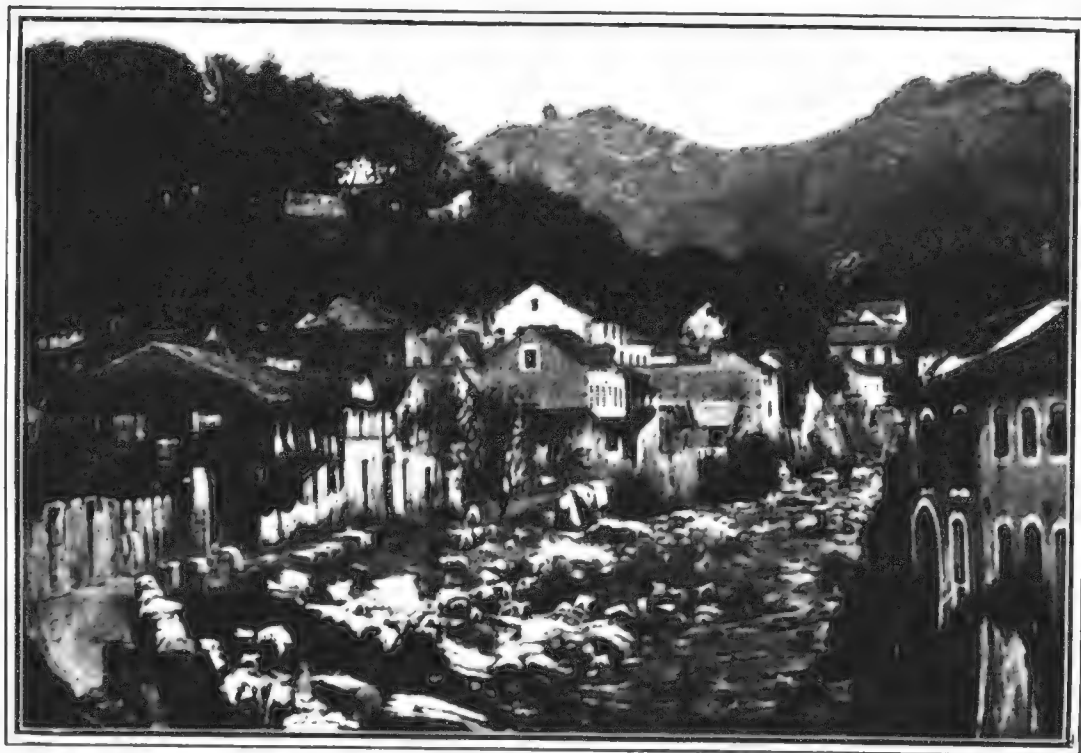
NEGRESSES WASHING, ST. VINCENT

VIEW IN ST. VINCENT FROM THE POINT ON THE SOUFRIÈRE, WHERE THE FOREST SUDDENLY CEASES, ABOUT 2,500 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ALL NOW ABSOLUTELY DESTROYED
From Photographs by E. J. Gunther

THE SEASHORE AT CHATEAU RELAIS, SIX MILES FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE SOUFRIÈRE, ST. VINCENT



PLACE BERTIN, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE



THE ROXELLANE, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE

The Modern Pompeii

By MR. JUSTICE CONDE WILLIAMS

I SHALL never forget my first vision of the island of Martinique. It was a lovely morning in May. The steamer lay broadside to the land, and the view was one of glowing and perfect beauty to eyes, as mine then were, unaccustomed to the rich luxuriance of the tropics. We were at anchor in the open roadstead of a bay. A red-roofed town, backed by low hills crowned with verdure, lay opposite to us, smiling in the morning sun. At the right-hand extremity of the bay, from amidst the rich green foliage of the hills, stood out in relief a white statue of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, erected by some pious resident for the benefit of arriving and departing voyagers. On the left, behind the further extremity of the straggling town, rose the gigantic pile of a massive volcano, which, in fact, with its wooded spurs, fills the northern end of the island of Martinique, but was covered with rich verdure from base to summit, relieving it from all suggestion of sternness. Yet this mountain, Mont Pelée, 4,500 feet high, had been for a transient period active some half-century before my visit; and now, alas! it has awakened from its lethargy to wreck the town which on that May morning lay smiling at its feet. How harmless—and even beneficent—the great verdurous mountain mass looked *then*! And, from its highest point to the shores of the bay, and from the other lower hill behind the town of St. Pierre to the very verge of the sea (save where quays and houses stood in the way), there was a perfect wealth of Nature's luxuriance growing even down to the water's edge. St. Pierre was the commercial capital of Martinique, the official capital being Fort-de-France, situated in a deep and picturesque bay, the Baie des Flamands, some thirty miles south of St. Pierre, upon the same side of the island.

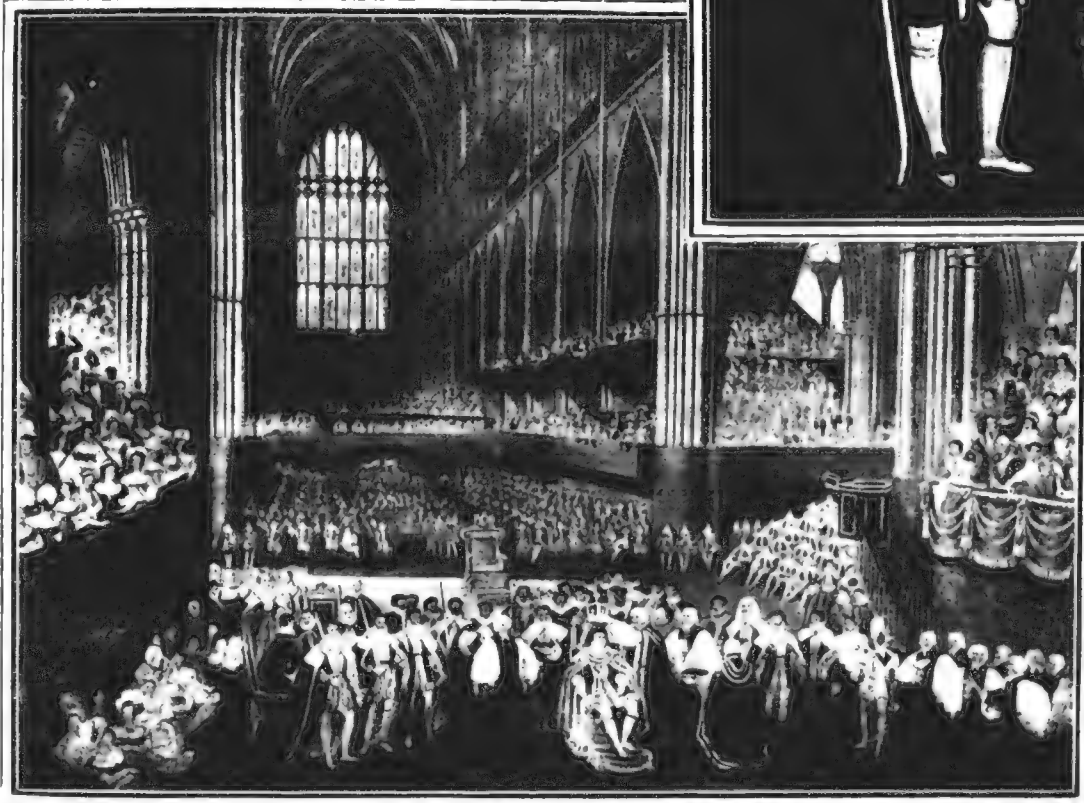
At St. Pierre, the arriving traveller landed by a boat from the steamer at one of several piers running out into the open roadstead from the mainland, passing in transit through the row of sugar ships which, in the shipping season, were moored in an orderly line to receive their cargo from lighters, and transport it to Bordeaux, Havre, or St. Nazaire. The wooden pier at which one landed led to the Place Bertin, a shady avenue of mango trees by the seaside. At one extremity of it was a small building occupied as a broker's exchange; but business was really done, in the cool hours of morning, under the mango trees of the Place Bertin. Up and down under those trees, from eight o'clock until breakfast time, at eleven, walked and talked the merchants and brokers of St. Pierre. The town of St. Pierre consisted mainly of two long streets running parallel with each other and the sea. One was a continuation, right and left, of the Place Bertin. The other, the Grand Rue du Mouillage, contained the principal shops and public buildings. St. Pierre, up to now, had never suffered from any grand catastrophe, like Point-à-Pitre, in Guadeloupe, or even Fort-de-France, its sister town of Martinique—consequently, its streets, never rebuilt on any modern system, were of the old-fashioned tropical pattern, the houses mostly stone-built and tiled, with jalousied window shutters in place of glass windows, and lighted until very recently with the hanging oil lamps of old French towns. Down the gutters on either side the streets, ran, night and day, two swift streams of clear and unpolluted water, brought by an aqueduct from the hills; and this source also supplied water to fountains, quite a feature of the pretty town, at the corners of many of the cross streets; and here at early morning negroes and negresses performed their brief ablutions, consisting mainly of rinsing out the mouth and rubbing the teeth with a fragment of sugar cane. St. Pierre, ancient though the town was, was by no means an agglomeration of narrow streets. Here and there were noble *places*, turfed and rejoicing in the grateful shade of mango and tamarind trees. Such formed the *entourage* of the *Evêché*, or bishop's palace, and such prominently gave its charm to the public park, or *Savanne*, as it was locally termed, situated at a short distance from the town near the gorge of the rocky Roxellane. This was the river of St. Pierre, taking its rise in the spurs of Mont Pelée, and tumbling over a myriad of boulders in its brief course to the sea; dividing the principal part of the town from its upper suburb as it neared its outflow, and affording a capital washing station to the sable laundresses of St. Pierre, as may be gathered from the lichen-covered rocks apparent in our illustration.



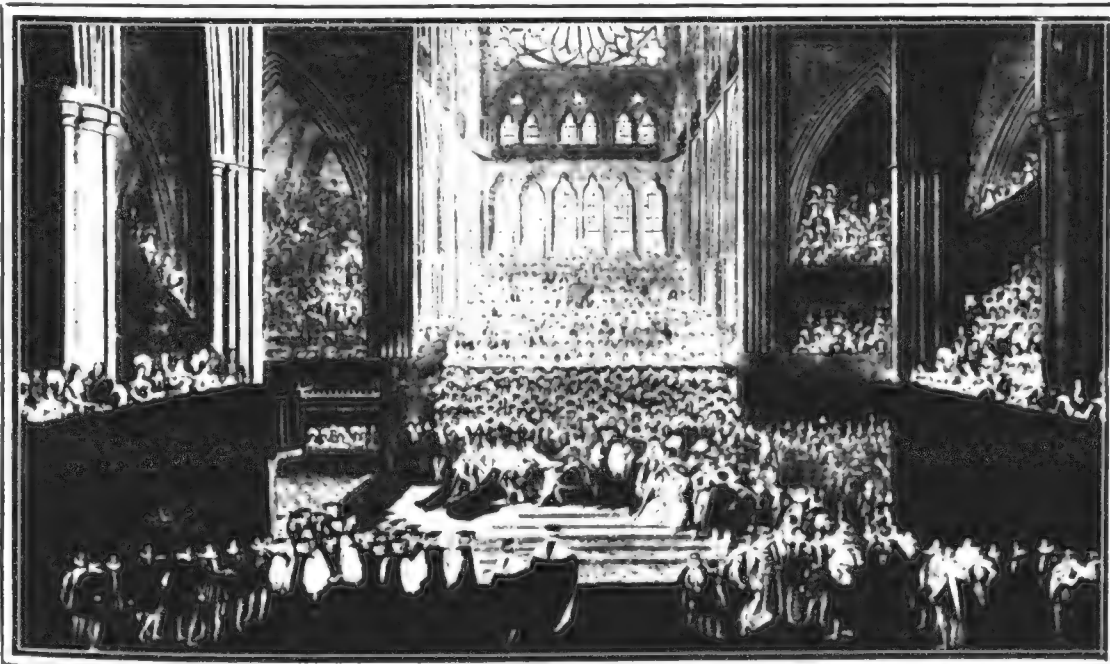
THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, VESTED IN A COPE, BRINGING THE CROWN FROM THE ALTAR UPON A CUSHION OF CLOTH OF GOLD



THE KING, SEATED IN ST. EDWARD'S CHAIR, BEING CROWNED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY



THE CROWNING OF GEORGE IV. BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

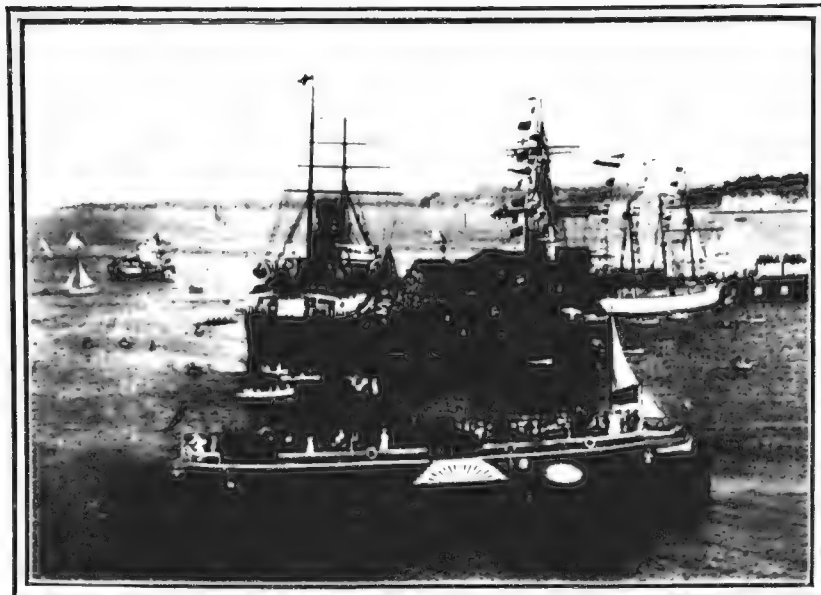


THE CEREMONY OF HOMAGE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE COMING CORONATION: THE CEREMONIES OF CROWNING AND OF HOMAGE AT GEORGE IV'S CORONATION

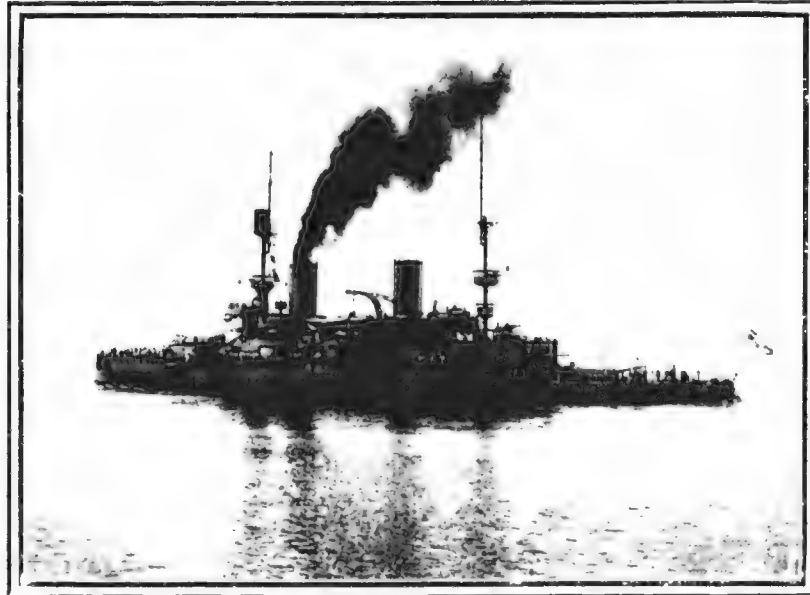
The Crowning of a King

THE Coronation service at Westminster is full of quaint medieval symbolism. The climax is, of course, reached when the Crown is actually placed on the Monarch's head. But there are many ceremonies to be gone through before that is reached. The Sovereign enters the Abbey by the west door, and takes his place on a chair placed below the throne. The ceremony known as the Recognition is first performed, in which the officiating Archbishop presents the Sovereign to those present, and asks if they are willing to do homage, whereupon the people call out "God save the King," and the trumpets sound. The King goes to his chair on the south side of the altar and kneels at his fald-stool. The Litany, Ante-Communion Service and sermon follow, when the oath is administered on the Great Bible, which has been carried in the procession. The Archbishop next anoints the Sovereign, who has now taken his seat in St. Edward's Chair, with consecrated oil, making the sign of the Cross on his head and hands. Then the Spurs are brought from the altar and presented to the Sovereign, and a sword is handed to him by the Archbishop, which sword is afterwards offered as an oblation, and then redeemed by the price of it being paid. Then with equal ceremony the Sovereign is invested with the Royal Robe and presented with the Orb, the latter of which is restored and again placed on the altar. The Ring is next placed on the Sovereign's forefinger, and a pair of "rich gloves" having been presented, the Archbishop delivers the Sceptre with the Cross into the Sovereign's right hand, and the Rod with the Dove into the Sovereign's left hand. Now comes the actual crowning. The Archbishop, standing before the altar, takes the Crown in his hands, and, laying it again on the altar, says a Collect asking for a blessing on the Sovereign about to be crowned. The Dean of Westminster brings the Crown from the altar, and the Archbishop takes it from him and reverently places it on the King's head. At this point the people acclaim their newly crowned Sovereign with shouts of "God save the King," and the guns at the Tower fire a salute. Immediately after the crowning the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets and the Bishops their mitres. Then follow the presentation of the Holy Bible, the benediction and the *Te Deum*. That done, the Archbishop delivers an exhortation to the Sovereign, who has taken his seat on the throne, and the ceremony of Homage begins. The first to do homage are the Archbishops and Bishops. After these come the other Peers, the Dukes by themselves, then the Marquesses, the Earls, the Viscounts and the Barons severally. The Peers remove their coronets while doing homage. When this ceremony is over, the drums beat, the trumpets are blown, and the people cry out "God save King ——" This concludes the actual Coronation ritual, which is followed by the Communion Service, in which the Sovereign makes an oblation, consisting of an altar cloth and a wedge of gold weighing a pound.



Our photograph, which is by J. R. Mann, Auckland, shows the scene at the Railway Wharf, when the transport *Devon* with 500 men and horses was ready to cast off.

OFF TO THE CAPE: THE DEPARTURE OF THE NINTH ISLAND CONTINGENT FROM AUCKLAND, N.Z.



The battleship on which Prince Henry is flying his flag during his visit to these shores represents the latest development in the German Navy. She has a displacement of 11,150 tons, a thick belt of armour of the Harvey nickel-steel type, and is heavily gunned. She has water-tube as well as cylindrical boilers, a great radius of action, and a speed of eighteen knots. Our photograph is by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

"KAISER FRIEDRICH III." PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA'S FLAGSHIP

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE."

It is an official proverb that "Life is composed of appointments and disappointments." The Coronation "Season" has, until now, produced little else than the latter. The town is emptier than it generally is in the middle of May; there are more houses unoccupied; there have been fewer private entertainments; and trade in the West End is less brisk than in ordinary years. It is perceived now that London will not fill until after Whitsuntide, and, possibly, not before the eve of the Derby; and, moreover, that the "Season" will be almost entirely composed of official entertainments, which will discourage private hosts and hostesses from receiving as in other years. Meanwhile there is little life in the town. The Coronation alone

attracts attention, and even the prospects of peace and political events are more seriously considered in the newspapers than in conversation.

What is to become of Lord Kitchener is the question which is being repeatedly asked. When peace is concluded will he be retained in South Africa for a while, or will he return to England to figure in the forthcoming processions? More important still, what appointment will he receive when he ceases to be Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the Field? Those who have the interests of the Army at heart, and are not prejudiced by private considerations, insist that Lord Kitchener should be appointed Adjutant-General. They maintain that the necessary reforms can only be carried out under the Duke of Connaught and Lord Kitchener, the former as Commander-in-Chief, and the latter occupying the post which has been mentioned. That the Duke will in the not remote future succeed

Lord Roberts is obvious, but the element of jealousy will be a serious factor in the matter as regards the second appointment.

Lord Kitchener as Adjutant-General, serving under the Duke of Connaught, would be a menace to the old order of things which would be vigorously opposed. The combination would threaten the "elder son system," which has been found wanting in the present war, for both would work steadily to make the Army a serious profession, and not merely an honourable occupation. As a Royal personage, the Duke would be beyond the control of "Society," and being an enthusiastic soldier, and a modern-minded man, he would carry out the most drastic reforms without any fear of personal consequences. Lord Kitchener has from the outset of his career overlooked "Society," and this heterogeneous body has no means—as yet—of influencing his decision.



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOFER

On the second day of his visit to Dublin Prince Henry lunched with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, and at four o'clock drove to the Phoenix Park, where he took part in a polo match between teams representing the Army and Navy and the All-Ireland Polo

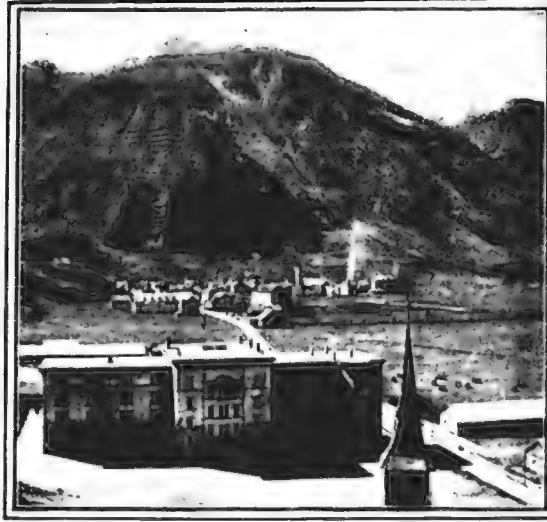
Club. There was a large and fashionable attendance, and Prince Henry, who played in the Army and Navy team, which won the match, was warmly cheered.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. C. MILLS

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA'S VISIT TO IRELAND: PLAYING POLO IN PHOENIX PARK



MANŒUVRING ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE



THE BARRACKS AT ANDERMATT, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ST. GOTHARD TROOPS



A TRENCH ON THE MOUNTAIN

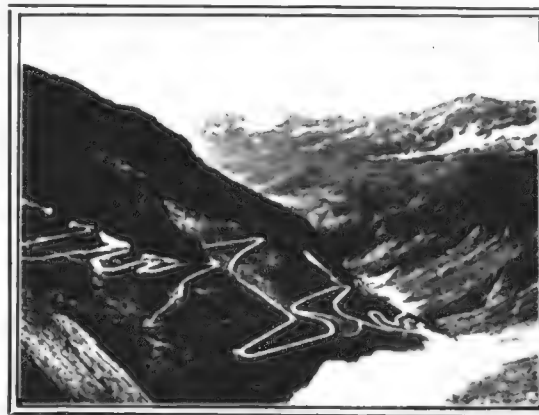
The Swiss Army

WE are so used to regarding Switzerland as a summer playground, and the Swiss as a race of hotel-keepers, guides and waiters, that many people are quite surprised to hear that the Swiss can put an army of over 200,000 in the field. The nation has not yet forgotten that at the beginning of the century, European nations used Switzerland as a battlefield. In the Franco-German War, 80,000 French soldiers flung themselves upon Swiss soil to avoid surrender to the Germans, and had there not been an armed force sufficiently strong to disarm the refugees, the Germans would have pursued their enemies into Switzerland. The Swiss Government, recognising how absolutely necessary it was to defend the frontier, in 1874 reorganised its military system. A regular army, as known to other countries, Switzerland does not possess, but it has an admirably organised militia—an army of citizen soldiers. Every Swiss is liable to military service for a period of twenty-five years, beginning with the year in which he reaches the age of twenty. During the first year the recruit is called out for a recruit's service, which in the infantry lasts forty-five days, in the cavalry eighty days, and in the field artillery fifty-five days. On completing his first year, he joins the *élite*, or active army. Cavalrymen remain in the *élite* until the end of their eleventh year of service, and are called out every year for a course of training lasting ten days. Men of other arms remain in the *élite* for a period of twelve years, during which they are called out every other year for a course which in the infantry lasts sixteen days and in the artillery eighteen days. On leaving the *élite* men pass to the *landwehr*, in which they remain until the end of their twenty-fifth year of service. Infantry and artillery are called out for training every fourth year for five and six days respectively. A third category of troops for home defence is furnished by the *landsturm*, which is composed of all able-bodied citizens between the ages of seventeen and fifty who are not embodied in the *élite* or *landwehr*, and are not exempt from service. The Federal Army thus constructed may be said in round numbers to consist of:—*élite* 135,000, *landwehr* 82,000, and *landsturm* 63,000; total, 280,000.

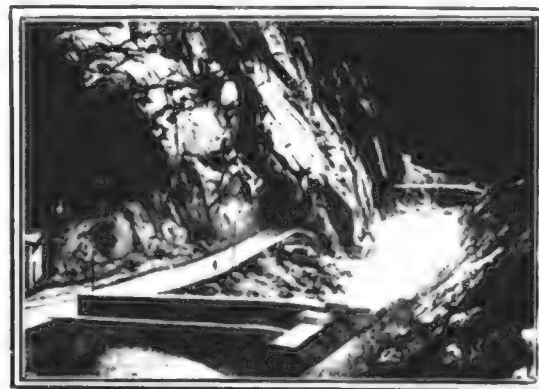
It will be seen that the Swiss recruit has a very short training, but it must be remembered that every Swiss joins with some knowledge of his work. As a schoolboy, he is taught drill and gymnastics in the Government schools, and when he leaves school he joins a rifle club, where he continues his physical education—it was from

Switzerland that the idea of forming rifle clubs in this country was taken. One thing remarkable about the Swiss is the ease with which they carry their impedimenta, for they still carry the old-fashioned box knapsack. Young or old, they do not appear to be in the least inconvenienced by the burden.

Officers all come from the ranks—that is to say, that they must go through an ordinary recruit's drill, must then spend a month in a non-commissioned officers' school, and afterwards spend some seven weeks in drilling recruits. When at length an officer is given his commission he is sent for a month to a school of musketry and for a six weeks' course at an officers' school. Our illustrations, which are from photographs by A. Krenn, Zurich, show the troops in the St. Gothard district being exercised in the mountains. In the neighbourhood of the defensive positions at St. Gothard and St. Maurice the whole of the instruction and training of the *élite* and *landwehr* is carried out. Andermatt, where the barracks are situated, is some 4,700 feet above the sea level, on the road that runs from Wasen to Airolo. As a protection against surprise before mobilisation the commandant of St. Gothard district possesses a corps of foot-guards—men on permanent pay, who have charge of the forts and keep them in repair. They number about 100. There is besides the regional guard, consisting of all the men of the surrounding valleys during their period of service in the *élite* and *landwehr*. As soon as the proper war garrison has been mobilised, the regional guard is dissolved, and the men composing it join the various army units to which they belong.



THE MILITARY ROAD, AS SEEN FROM THE ST. GOTHARD, LOOKING TOWARDS AIROLO



ENTRANCE TO THE FORT BATZBERG



MACHINE GUN PRACTICE ON ST. GOTHARD



ARTILLERY PRACTICE AT ANDERMATT

THE SWISS ARMY: TROOPS TRAINING IN THE ST. GOTHARD DISTRICT

Paris Dottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THERE seems to be no limit to the attractions which the Coronation of King Edward is exercising in France. The number of people who will "discover England" on that occasion will be very great. To this number must now be added Madame Jeanne Granier, the famous actress, who proposes to visit the British capital for the first time in the month of June. I imagine that when she appeared in operetta Madame Granier feared the legendary fogs. The reputation of that truly British invention is so universal in France that the majority of the population are of opinion that a sort of gray cloud hangs permanently over the metropolis. This in the popular mind was probably the cause to which the average Frenchman ascribed the tendency of the typical Englishman to develop large front teeth, red Dundreary whiskers, large cheek suits and a desire to sell his wife at Smithfield.

Railways, telegraphs and telephones have done much to kill the latter legends, but that of the fog still persists. This is probably due to the fact that the "London particular" is really a danger to be seriously reckoned with at certain seasons of the year, whereas the travelled Frenchman could convince himself that the big teeth and red whiskers were pure legend. In any case, whatever might have been the reason, Madame Granier has now got over her fear of England and has consented to charm English audiences by her rendering of *Amants*, *La Vaine* and *Les Deux Écoles*, the three great successes of the Théâtre de Variétés. Madame Granier will also lend the aid of her great talent to the bazaar to be held in London, on July 1, for the benefit of the French Hospital in London. It is to be hoped that the much-maligned British climate will show itself element and will not make Madame Granier regret her first visit to our shores.

The attempted suicide at Rome of the Princess Beatrix de Bourbon, daughter of Don Carlos, the wife of Prince Don Fabrizio Massimo, still causes much talk in Paris. Among the French aristocracy the Legitimist Party, known as the *Blancs d'Espagne*, though small, is still powerful. They are the irreconcilables, who would rather see the continuance of the Republic than the triumph of the Orleanists, whom they regard as usurpers. For them, since the death of the Comte de Chambord, Don Carlos is the only possible King of France. In this they are only consistent, for it one admits the divine right as the principle on which Kings are selected the Spanish Pretender is the only possible monarch. Louis Philippe admitted this by declaring himself "King of the French" instead of King of France, a title to which he had no right. The influence of this small but *intransigent* party in France keeps alive interest in the family of Don Carlos, and the rash act of

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SURGEON-CAPTAIN LEAKE
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MR. GEORGE TOULMIN
New M.P. for Bury



THE LATE CAPTAIN MACHELL
The famous Sportsman

the unfortunate Princess Massimo has therefore caused a great sensation, succeeding as it did to the romantic elopement some years ago of her elder sister, Donna Elvira, with the Italian painter, Signor Folchi.

The Theatres

"THE FINDING OF NANCY"

THE heroine of Miss Netta Syrett's play which, thanks to the exertions of the Playgoers' Club and the generous sympathy of Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, was given at a matinée at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre last week, is a young lady who runs away with a married man, not because she loves him—for she has distinctly warned him that she does not—but simply because she is weary of typewriting and its scanty rewards and is desirous, as she says, of "following a life of her own with new rules." The theme, as set forth in the first act, with a true dramatic sense and directness, is obviously the grave step taken by Nancy Thistleton in defying old-fashioned rules of morality; but little or no attempt is made to follow up the situation of affairs to its logical consequences. In place of this we have only the wilful impulses of a selfish and self-indulgent young woman, whose tardy matrimonial venture, as the spectator cannot but feel, may be only the prelude to further experiments in the way of "living a life of her own." The play had the advantage of excellent acting by a company which, besides Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who played with real power and charm as the fickle heroine, included Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Tree, though in parts of little significance. The Playgoers' Club have discovered in Miss Syrett a dramatist of promise, but that is all.

Our Portraits

MAJOR-GENERAL VISCOUNT FRANKFORT DE MONTMORENCY had a distinguished military career. Born in 1835, he entered the army in 1854, and served successively in the Crimean War, including the siege of Sebastopol and the attack on the Redan, the Indian Mutiny, the Fenian incursion in Canada, the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867-8, the Soudan, 1886-7, and the Nile operations, 1889, being frequently mentioned in despatches. He succeeded to the Irish Viscounty in 1889, and in the following year was elected a representative peer for Ireland. He was placed on the retired list of the Army in 1897, and in the following year was created a K.C.B. Our photograph is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. George Toulmin, the new Liberal M.P. for Bury, is a newspaper proprietor, one of the owners of the *Preston Guardian* and the *Lancashire Daily Post*. He is a son of the late Councillor George Toulmin, J.P., senior member of the firm of George Toulmin and Sons, of Preston, and was born in 1857. He is essentially a local man and was educated at Preston Grammar School. He is a magistrate for the county borough of Preston, and a member of the Board of Guardians. He lives in Preston. His election by a majority of 414 constitutes a Liberal gain, as in 1895 and 1900 the constituency returned Mr. Kenyon, the Conservative member, who has just resigned.

Captain Machell, until a year or two ago, played a strong hand in all the most important racing of the day. Widely known and widely respected, he had earned for himself a world-wide reputation as a judge of the sport, and no man made fewer mistakes with regard to the placing of horses, or their chances when they ran. In fact, he was a consummate judge of everything connected with the

thoroughbred. Though always more of a manager for others than a great owner himself, his almost unerring judgment enabled him to bet wisely and profitably, and his winnings under Jockey Club rules aggregated more than a hundred thousand pounds. Captain Machell was born near Beverley in 1837, his father holding a living there. Five-and-thirty years ago he had a great reputation as an athlete, and, says one of his biographers, there seemed to be no feat then that was impossible for him to do. After a guest-night dinner, it was a very unwise bet to make that Machell would not hop over the mess-table, or jump standing on to a mantel-board, however high it might be. Our photograph is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. J. R. Wood, the new President of the Baptist Union, is one of the most popular of our North London preachers. He is sixty-three years of age, and has a ministerial record of nearly forty years. He studied at Regent's Park College, and after a four years' course was invited to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Barnstaple. Four years later he removed to Bristol, to the City Road Chapel, and in 1874 he came to London as successor to the late Dr. Booth at Upper Holloway. During the twenty-eight years that he has ministered to the Holloway congregation he has more than quadrupled the membership, the church has been twice enlarged, and 4,500l. has been paid off the debt. Our photograph is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Victoria Cross has been conferred upon Surgeon-Captain A. Martin Leake, South African Constabulary, for conspicuous gallantry in attending to wounded in action, at Vlakfontein, on February 8. Upon that occasion he was shot three times, but continued to attend to the wounded until he rolled over thoroughly exhausted. He then refused water until all the other wounded had been served. Our photograph is by Downer and Sons, Watford.

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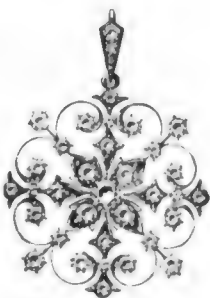
Bow Brooch or Stomacher of Finest Diamonds.



Fine Pearl and Diamond
Three-Stone.



Fine Diamond Star.



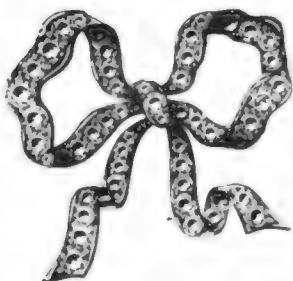
Fine Diamond Pendant
Forms Brooch.



Fine Diamond Bow and Tie
Turquoise Drop.



Fine Diamond Bow, with
Turquoise Centre and Drops.



Fine Diamond Bow Brooch.



Fine Diamond Five-Stone.



"New Moon" Brooch of Finest Diamonds.



Fine Diamond Crossover.

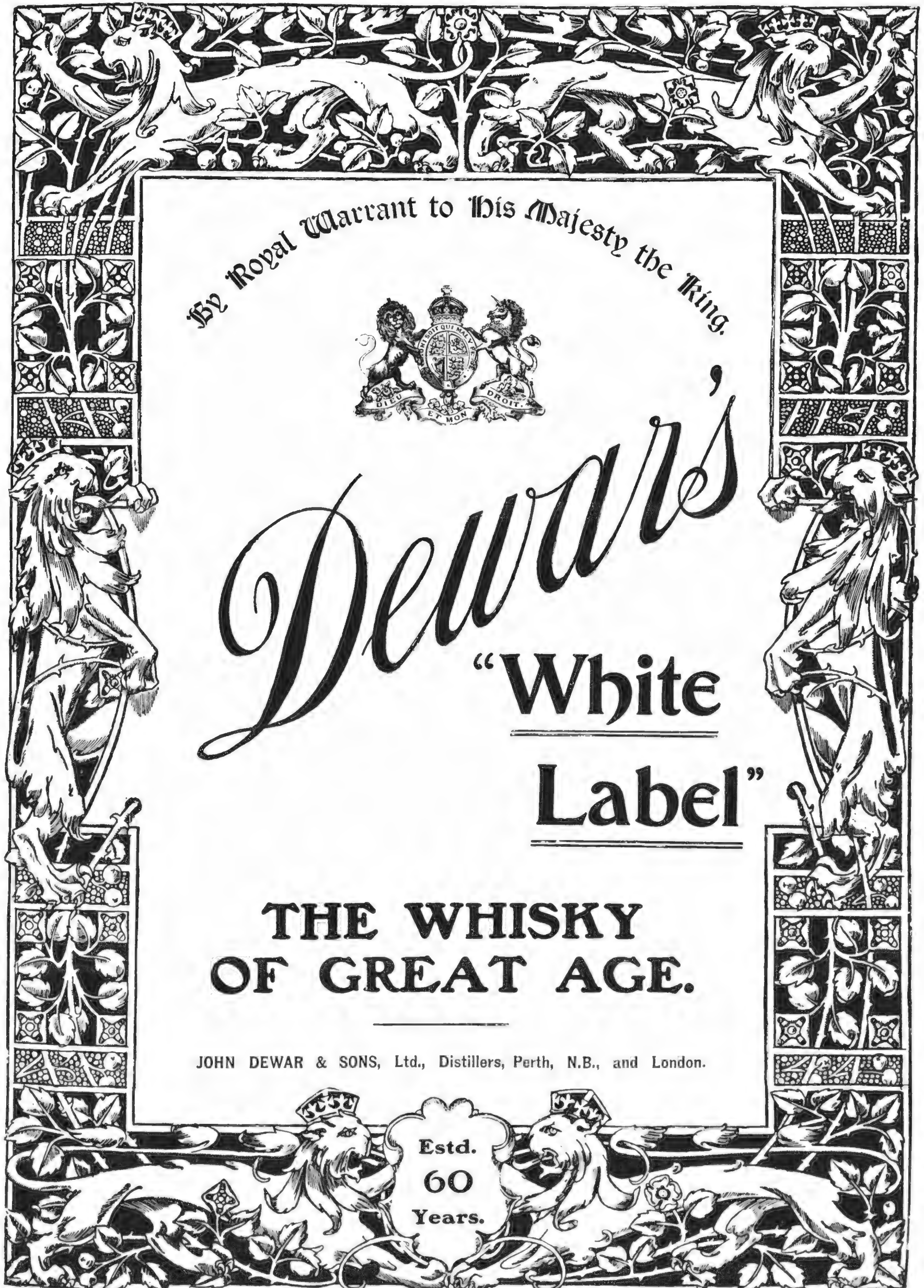
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"THE LADY PARAMOUNT"

MR. HENRY HARLAND'S new story (John Lane) is a bright and lively comedieta, in which the pen that wrote *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* is to be recognised in every line. That its author's reputation would have been made by "The Lady Paramount" we do not say; but certainly it will not suffer. The plot turns upon the dynastic politics of the little Italian island—not to be discovered in any map—unknown as Sampaolo. The legitimate Sovereign Count, whose line had been dispossessed by revolution, happens to be an English country gentleman of the name of Anthony Craford; the reigning Countess Susanna is a charmingly wilful, adventurous, and high-spirited young woman of two-and-twenty, who, as "the only legitimist in the island," sets her wits—and she has plenty of them—to work in order to supersede herself by the entirely indifferent and contented representative of the rightful line. Of course we shall not tell the story of her success. That is for Mr. Harland; and he tells it better than well. Of course the general nature of the *dénouement* will be guessed without the need of another word; but the process is the author's own. The situation affords evident scope for his views concerning United Italy, and so forth, which—in the *Snuff-Box*—are by no means of the conventional order. They will please some readers; others will undergo the by-no-means unwholesome sensation of being rubbed very much the wrong way. Delightful as a whole, the novel has one serious blemish—the talk of one Adrian Willis, who, intended for the amusing man of the piece, only succeeds in being an irrelevant, superfluous, and intolerable bore. Happily, it is possible to skip every page on which his name appears (there are far too many) without losing the charm of the others—of which there are only too few.

"A MEETING OF GREEKS"

There is delightful contagion of boyhood in every novel that is prefaced by the name of G. Manville Fenn. He is never afraid of his story, no matter what difficulties may arise in its course, or how wild may be its demands on its reader's previous beliefs and convictions. We will defy the staidest and maturest reader of "A Meeting of Greeks and the Tug of War" (S. H. Bousfield and Co.) not to feel a renewal of his own youthful pleasure in a good story for its own sake, in sympathy with Mr. Fenn's. The sensational voyage of the *Bella Donna* is really about the biggest thing of its kind; we doubt if a distressed heroine has ever before found herself among quite such a gang of scoundrels, or been aided by quite such gallant protectors, as have been collected on board a single schooner by Mr. Fenn. In short, the novel is worthy of a better fate than to be criticised—namely to be honestly, heartily and uncritically enjoyed.

"MY STRANGEST CASE"

The supposed narrator of Mr. Guy Boothby's story of "My Strangest Case" (Ward, Lock and Co.) is one George Fairfax, a private detective of the comically conceited and bungling order, matched against an opponent with a nearly equal genius for false moves. The "case" is unquestionably strange—the robbery of a quarter of a million's worth of rubies and sapphires by the worst of three scoundrels who discovered them, as partners, in a ruined Burmese city; the two who were thus defrauded by their



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT

The Manila cemetery consists of two circular walls, about seven feet thick, pierced with holes, in which the coffins are placed. After a coffin has been deposited the hole is bricked up and faced with a memorial tablet. These graves are leased for five years, at the end of which, unless the lease is renewed, the coffins are taken out and the bones thrown into a pile just outside the wall. The walls of the cemetery are constructed of earth and rubble faced with stone, and the tropical rains soak through and rot the coffins. This method of burial dates back to the days of the domination of the Spanish Friars.

THE CEMETERY AT MANILA

companion being captured by Chinese, and turned adrift with the loss by one of his eyes, and by the other of his tongue. The blind giant and the dumb dwarf become the clients of Mr. Fairfax; and *habitués* of Mr. Boothby's works will know what anticipations to form of the developments of such a situation at his hands. To say that they will not be disappointed is the highest recommendation that either he or they can require.

"NAT HARLOWE: MOUNTBANK"

Mr. George R. Sims tells, in the person of "Nat Harlowe" (Cassell and Co.), how one Sir Basil Brandreth, with mercenary designs upon the daughter of the kinsman whom he had murdered

for his inheritance, was cheated by a mock marriage with her, celebrated by Mistress Mary Davis in the disguise of a friar. "Molly" Davis has been somewhat neglected by novelists who have dealt with the Court of the second Charles; she certainly has no reason to complain of her presentment at the hands of Mr. Sims. For the rest, the story—which is by no means too long—is crowded with romantic adventure, and altogether provides very lively reading.

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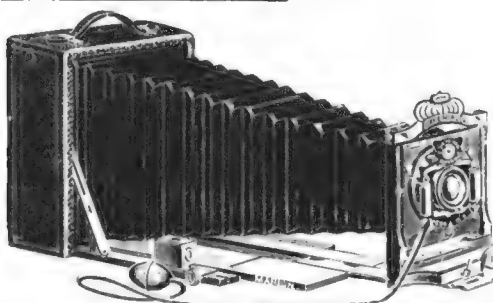
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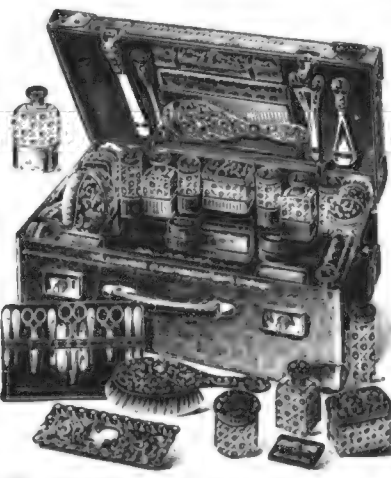
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has made such strides of late years that there are few circles where motors—whether oil, steam or electric, whether the humble motor-cycle or a thirty-five horse-power car—are not freely discussed and their respective merits compared. In this work the whole range of motors is discussed, the most ample information regarding every kind of motor is given, and the complicated machinery is very clearly described. Indeed, we have never met with a more clear exposition of the intricate details of the petrol motor than is afforded here. Even the most casual reader can hardly fail to understand the lucid explanations and ample diagrams of the various working parts. Not by any means that the work is wholly technical; the chapters on Motor Driving, on Reminiscences, and on the legal status of motors, are all interesting, while an ample glossary of terms completes a veritable compendium of the subject. Quite as interesting, especially so from a hygienic standpoint, is "The Motor Car, an Elementary Handbook on its Nature, Use and Management," by that veteran of hygienic science, Sir Henry Thompson (Warne). The value of this work lies in a great measure in the practical hints on driving and management which it contains, as well as in the list of roadsters which the author gives. Sir Henry Thompson is an enthusiast. He descends upon the health-giving properties of "motor-ing," and though, as he says, he had passed his eightieth year before he gained his first experience of a motor-car drive, he writes:—"Personally I have found that the opportunity it affords for filling the lungs with pure air, driving some hours daily, is a valuable and health-promoting exercise, aerating the blood and enabling it to eliminate waste matter. Again, the movement of the car itself

affects health favourably in a manner not differing materially from those experienced in riding on horseback." A better testimony to the advantages of motor-driving could hardly be afforded.

MORE CORONATION BOOKS

We have received from the Oxford University Press copies of the form and order of service commanded by the King in Council, for use at the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey, on June 26. Two editions have been issued, one in paper covers and one in white buckram. "The English Coronation Service: Its History and Teaching," by F. C. Eccles (A. R. Mowbray and Co.), is a comprehensive study of the Coronation Service, and includes an inquiry into the relations of Kings to the Church, with reference to the analogy of their Coronation or Consecration with that of Bishops. The Coronation Services of King Charles I. and of Queen Victoria are given in appendices. "The Coronation Ceremonies of King Edward VII." (Boat and Son, Limited) contains a full account of the ceremonies and procedures observed at the Coronation of the Kings and Queens of England. From Messrs. Skeffington and Sons we have received "Hymns for the Coronation," dedicated by special permission to their Majesties; "A Coronation Souvenir," by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, with portraits and illustrations, being a brief historical study of Coronations from the earliest times; and a little booklet by Canon Hammond, entitled "How and Why our King will be Crowned," giving a popular account of the various ceremonies connected with the Coronation.

The Opera Season

THE Coronation Opera season could scarcely have had a more brilliant opening. On each of the first three nights of the season the Royal boxes were occupied by the King and Queen and their younger daughters; while with half a dozen Dukes, a couple of dozen Earls and Countesses and more millionaires than could be counted on the fingers of both hands, tiaras were almost at a discount in the boxes and stalls. Also, at any rate on *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* nights, the gallery was full to the last seat, the half-crown people being content to stand all the evening four or five deep in the "slips." Cheap opera never seems profitable in London, but the general public obviously appreciate the best, and do not mind paying for it. As to the dress seats, such a display of costumes and diamonds has not been seen for years at a theatre, and there can be little doubt that the present season is going to be a very brilliant one indeed. The Opera House has been much improved since last year. The ladies, who require plenty of room for modern wraps and dresses, may perhaps lament the banishment of the old fashioned and comfortable opera stalls, for the new tip-up seats are narrow—as narrow, indeed, as the eighteen inches to be allotted to the Duchesses at Westminster Abbey on Coronation day. On the other hand the corridors are brave in their wall decorations, the house is



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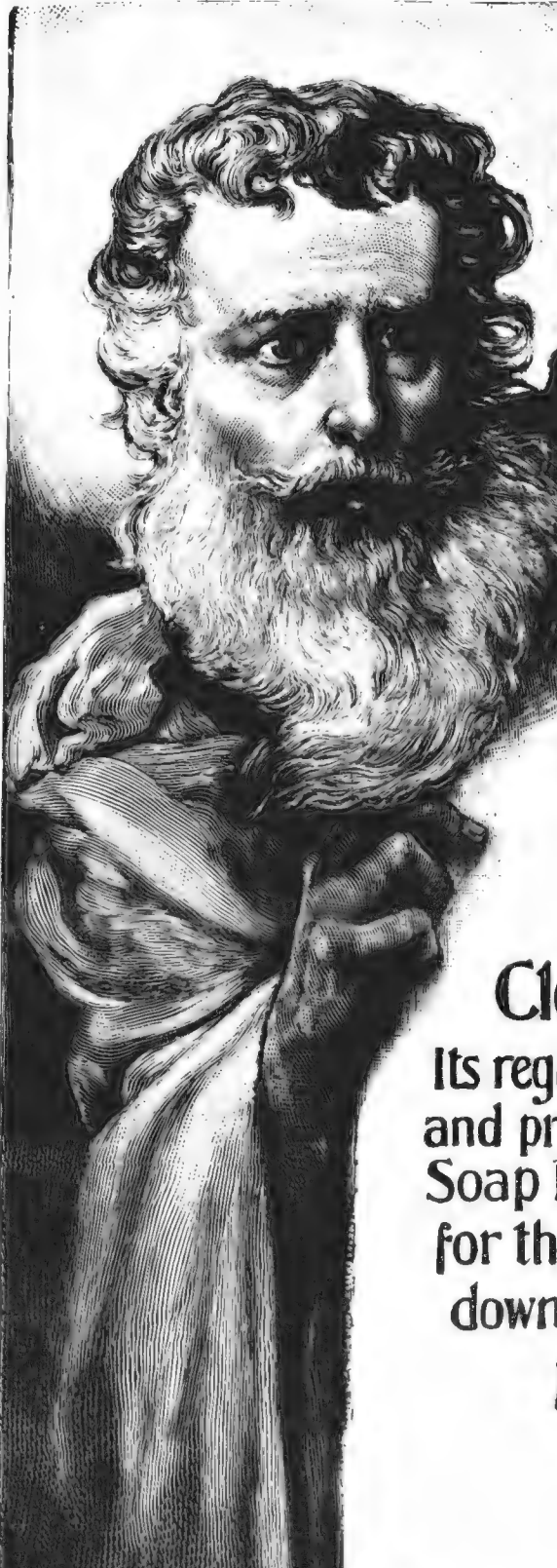
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actress, and, like her associate Herr Kraemer-Helm, the Tannhauser, she has the charm of youth. Unfortunately, the new tenor's voice was much too small for Covent Garden. Frl. Donges, who had been engaged for Venus, was ill, and her first appearance was accordingly postponed, Miss Strong taking her place. Herr Lewandowski was very good in the small part of Walther. Herr Pennarini, who made his *début* as Lohengrin, has a high reputation both in Vienna and Hamburg. In London, however, we are so accustomed to refined singers, that the German vocal style is often ungrateful to us. Consequently, Herr Pennarini has not received the enthusiastic welcome which was expected by his friends. Nevertheless, he is an intelligent artist, with a powerful voice, although he seems impregnated with the faults of the German vocal school. M. Saléza, who reappeared as Roméo, has had a rest since last season, until lately, when he sang in *Aurville* in Paris. He would have done much better to have saved himself for the Covent Garden season, as on the night of his *réentrée* as Roméo his voice still showed signs of fatigue. So, also, did that of Madame Nordica, who has sung Elsa. In other respects, both of these experienced artists did well. Madame Suzanne Adams made a charming Juliette, while M. Colaux, a light and useful tenor from Brussels, engaged for the smaller parts, has made a successful *début* as Tybalt. M. Van Dyck was after all unable, owing, doubtless, to the cold winds, to make his *réentrée* as Tristan on Monday, where Frl. Freustadt, a mezzo-soprano, made a successful *début* as Otruld; while among the members of the old company who have reappeared are M. Plançon, Signor Scotti, M. Renaud, and Herr Van Rooy.

The Coronation Music, has now been officially passed, and although only three living men are represented, it is satisfactory that it is almost all from native pens. Starting as the King enters the Abbey with Sir Hubert Parry's new anthem, "I was glad," sung by a procession of Abbey choristers, the Litany will be by the sixteenth century composer Tallis, a short introduction to the Communion will be by Sullivan, and the Creed by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, while the "Come, Holy Spirit," a hymn which either in French or English has been sung at Coronations for centuries, will be set to the ancient Plain Chant of the Catholic Church. The Coronation anthem will, of course, be Handel's *Zadok the Priest*, written for George II., and after the crowning Sir Walter Parratt's new chorus, "Comfortare," will be sung. Then will follow Henry Smart's "Te Deum" in F, and an anthem, "Kings shall see," specially composed by Sir Frederick Bridge, will be sung while the peers and others are doing homage. Purcell's old Latin hymn, "*Jehovah quam multi*," newly set to totally different English words, will be used as offertorium. Marbeck, another old sixteenth century organist, will supply the "Sursum Corda," while the "Sanctus," and the "Gloria" at the end of the Communion will be by the late Sir John Stainer; and last of all will come a five-part "Amen" by Orlando Gibbons. There will be a band of about eighty on the organ screen, and a choir of about 350 in galleries on either side of the Choir. Sir Frederick Bridge, will conduct several special rehearsals in the great hall of the Church House.



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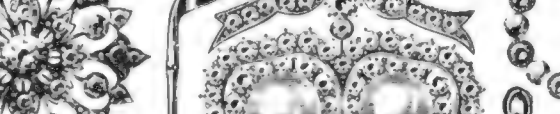
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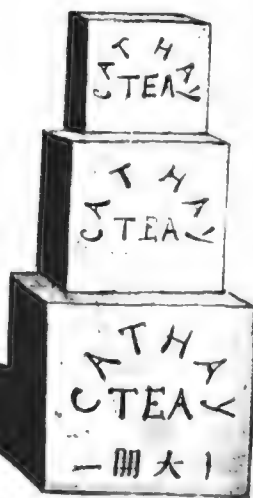
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

ALTHOUGH the Polar bears seen last week in Regent's Park were in the Zoo the climate was such as to suggest that they would have been equally at home outside. The Arctic breezes which whistled through these sheltered gardens sent the thermometer down to 46deg. at three of a May afternoon, and the night temperature, we noticed, had been 33deg. on the grass. Many places a few miles out of London have recorded a slight grass frost every night since May came in. The effect on the meadows and even on the

wheatfields has been deplorable, and the cost of keeping cattle, horses and sheep has been very gravely enhanced. Dear beef and mutton is likely to be the result of an inclement spring, which sends up the cost of feeding cattle and sheep by at least 10 per cent. The flower garden, which is never at its best before June, may gain by a backward May, and shrubs are not likely to be any the worse for the delay in assumption of a summer garb. The case of the kitchen garden is different, and in this division of the estate there is great anxiety. Every form of green vegetable has suffered. Swifts on Saturday last were flying round the church towers of South Devon, and have been seen at Lynmouth and Comtisbury in the north of that county.

THE PRINCE AS PRESIDENT

The Prince of Wales has been graciously pleased to accept the Presidency of the Royal Agricultural Society for the year beginning midsummer, 1903. This will be a most critical year for the Society, as it is the first of the new series. The old series of peripatetic shows, 1837-1902, comes to an end this year, and from 1903 the Royal will meet annually every midsummer at Ealing, where the Twyford Estate is even now being got ready for the permanent exhibition. This epoch-making change was voted in 1900 and affirmed last year.

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Eruptions of the Skin and
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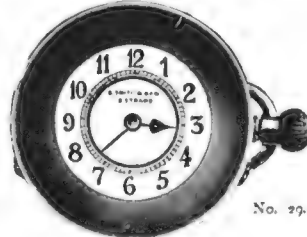
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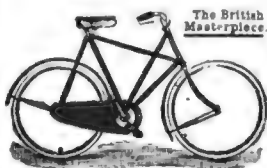
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To the sportsman this photographic reproduction must be extremely interesting, and it is one from a new catalogue issued by C. P. Goerz, dealing with his Anschutz Folding Camera (the instrument with which this fine snapshot was obtained). This catalogue, which is one of the finest ever produced in the photographic trade, is crowded from end to end with pictures equally novel: views both of London, on the Continent, of the Queen's funeral, horsemanship and golfing pictures. There are but really



few high-class cameras on the market, and competent judges would without question rank the Goerz Anschutz Folding Camera very highly, if not actually placing it in the premier position, for the instrument has every desirable quality in its favour. Its lightness, compactness, the fact that it can be used with either plates, cut films, or daylight loading cartridges, must commend it to everyone using a camera for pleasure, while the excellence of its results convinces the most serious of workers that these features have not been obtained by any sacrifice of efficiency. The catalogue, although of course intended to illustrate the capabilities of this well-known camera, is nevertheless of extreme interest to every reader of THE GRAPHIC, since it shows in a most striking manner the possibilities of modern photography. It is well worthy of more than a passing perusal. It may be obtained (if THE GRAPHIC is mentioned and 4d. postage sent) of C. P. GOERZ'S West End Agents, The London Stereoscopic Co., 106-108, Regent Street, W., or from C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

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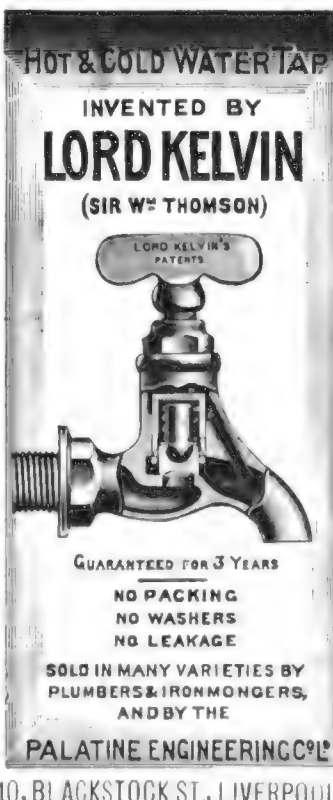
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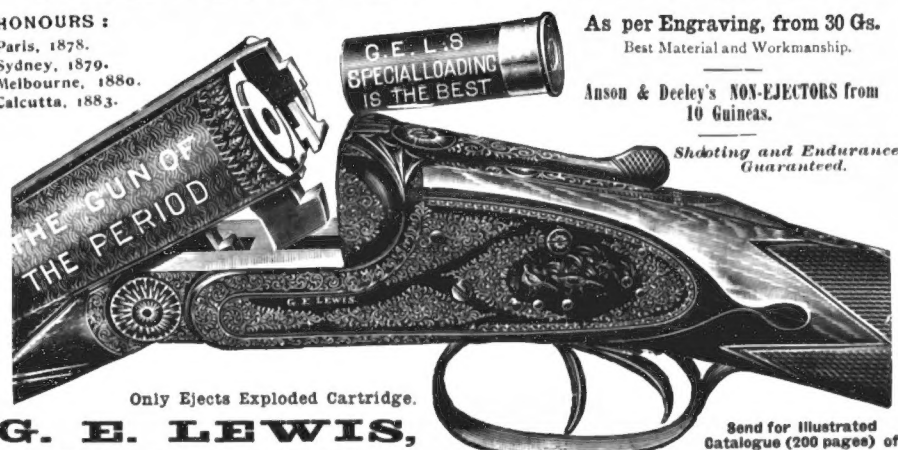
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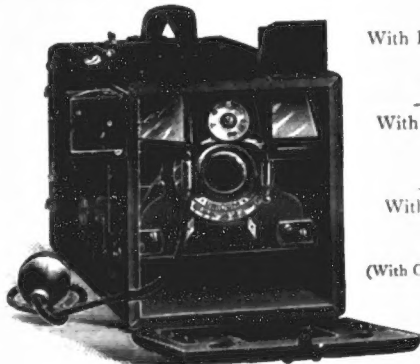
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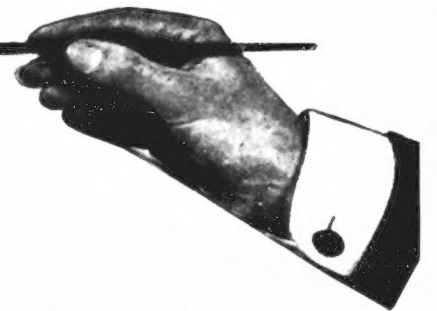
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